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Selections.

THE VOICE OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE.

ADDRESS OF FRENCH PASTORS TO THEIR BRETHREN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

To the Ministers and Pastors of all evangelical denominations in Great Britain.

Paris, February 12, 1863.

Honored and Beloved Brethren in the Lord: It is the glory of England to have given to the world the example of abolishing first the slave trade, and then slavery. It is her glory to have continued for the last sixty years the work of suppressing universally the slave trade and slavery, at a cost, it is asserted, of fifty million of pounds sterling. And it is, under God, chiefly to her religious men, to her Clarksons, her Wilberforces, her Buxtons, to her missionary societies, that England owes this glory. Will not the sons and successors of these great Christians complete their work, by urging their country to declare itself openly for the holy cause of the liberation of the slave in the terrible struggle which is at present convulsing the United States of America?

No more revolting spectacle has ever been set before the civilized world than a Confederacy, consisting mainly of Protestants, forming itself, and demanding independence in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, with a professed design of maintaining and propagating slavery; a Confederacy which lays down, as the corner-stone of its constitution, the system of slavery as it exists at present in the Southern States—a system which may be defined briefly as the right to treat men like cattle, and to commit adultery and murder with impunity. Setting aside all political considerations, can any Christian heart fail to be stirred to indignation at hearing the chief of that Confederacy answering a decreee of emancipation by an implied threat of extermination?

The triumph of such a cause would put back the progress of Christian civilization and humanity a whole century. It would make angels weep in heaven, and demons rejoice in hell. It would enable the friends of the slave trade and of slavery in all lands to hold up their heads, ever ready as they are to reappear at the first signal, in Asia, in Africa, and even in the great cities of Europe. It would give a fatal blow to the work of evangelical missions. And what a frightful responsibility would rest on the Church which should remain a silent spectator of such a triumph.

If there is a peaceable means of hastening the end of the war, and of rendering its issue such as is desired by all the friends of humanity, is it not that the sincere Christians of Europe should give to the cause of emancipation a powerful testimony, which would leave to those who fight for the right of oppressing the slaves no hope of ever seeing those Christians give them the hand of fellowship.

Ministers and pastors of all the evangelical denominations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, it is here we need your assistance. Take the lead, and let us call forth a great and peaceful manifestation of sympathy for the colored race, so long oppressed and debased by Christian nations. Let us thus discourage the partisans of slavery. Let us strengthen and encourage those who wish to abolish it, at the same time disposing them to listen to our suggestions. It is in free England that such manifestations can be powerful. What may we not hope for it, throughout Great Britain, the voice of all the ministers of the crucified Saviour—and in France, our voice echoing theirs—pray and plead that soon there may be no longer in the United States a colored man that is not free and equal with the whites!

May God grant it, and may his blessing rest alike on Great Britain and the United States, in Christ, the true liberator!

Signed by 750 pastors in France, as attested by
Grandpierre, Pasteur.
G. Monod, Pasteur, Suffrageant, Paris.
Louis Rognon, Pasteur.
Louis Pulsford.
Fred. Monod, Pasteur.
Eug. Bersier.

Paris, March 13, 1863.

REPLY OF MINISTERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

[The following reply to the Address of the French Pastors, prepared by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and adopted by a Conference of Ministers in London, was signed by 3,860 ministers of Great Britain.]

Dear Brethren: We, whose names are undersigned, share in your views, we rejoice in your zeal, and we are thankful for your exhortations. It is honorable to France, and to French Protestantism, that you so heartily wish the destruction of the slave system, which makes four million of negroes wretched, debases their masters, has been a vast calamity to a great Protestant nation, and dishonors Christ, by whose professed servants it is upheld.

Like yourselves, we feel a deep compassion for the slaves, who are a part of the human family; we wish by all means in our power to discourage those who are seeking to found an empire on their degradation; and we wish success to all just and humane measures for their deliverance.

With these sentiments, we beg to assure you, that, following where you have so nobly taken the lead, we shall do what we can to accomplish those benevolents objects to which you invite our attention.

Accept our fraternal wishes that you may enjoy the favor and blessing of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE MINISTERS OF GREAT BRITAIN TO THEIR BRETHREN IN AMERICA.

From The Manchester Examiner, June 4.

An Anti-Slavery Conference was held in Manchester, convened by circular, inviting the attendance of ministers to receive the report of the Committee having charge of the Reply to the French pastors' Address to Ministers in Great Britain on American Slavery and the revolting spectacle of a Confederacy forming itself with a professed design of maintaining and propagating slavery; Rev. Richard Slate, Preston, in the chair:

Moved by Dr. Parker; seconded by the Rev. J. H. Rylance:

"That a copy of the reply to the French pastors' address, with the signatures, be transmitted to Paris by the chairman and convener, and that it be transmitted also to ministers of all denominations of Christians in America, accompanied by a suitable address."

The following address was unanimously adopted:

To Ministers and Pastors of all Christian Denominations throughout the States of America:

Dear Brethren: The letter which emanated from the French Protestant pastors, and was signed by 750, from all parts of France, was addressed to ministers and pastors of all evangelical denominations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and designed to urge them to take the lead in "a great and peaceful manifestation of sympathy for the colored race, so long oppressed and debased by Christian nations." They desire by these means to "discourage the partisans of slavery," and "strengthen and encourage those who wish to abolish it, at the same time persuading them to listen to friendly suggestions." No such combination of names and objects ever previously occurred in the intercourse of Europe; and surely a letter, so universally approved, deserves the most respectful and considerate attention. It is the utterance of pure Christian philanthropy, and breathes the spirit of divine benevolence—not alone for the negro, but also for all who may be involved in his doom.

It was brought under consideration of a conference, convened of such ministers as had adhered to the London Emancipation Society, all of whom were invited who were in London. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., presided, and the unanimous decision was that a brief reply, then submitted, should be adopted and issued, to accompany the letter from the French clergy to all Protestant ministers of every denomination in Great Britain and Ireland.

The aim of the reply was to avow a deep compassion for the slaves as a part of the human family: to discourage, by all means in the power of the subscribers, those who are seeking to found an empire on their degradation; and to express the desire for success to all just and humane measures for their deliverance. The letter and the reply have been widely circulated, and the adhesion of ministerial names has been solicited among all Protestant ministers. Many may have overlooked the application as a common printed circular, but already about four thousand attested names have been subscribed.

Both documents concur in representing slavery as a calamity to the nation in which it exists, and as dishonoring Christ when upheld by any of his servants; while they denounce the system because it gives to man the opportunity to treat his fellow men as cattle, and often to commit adultery and murder with impunity. The census of the United States, taken in 1860, gives the number of slaves as 3,953,760 men, women, and children, reputed, as we understand, the property of 350,000 slaveholders. These millions are all liable to be sold and bought at an auction mart, in lots or severally, at the pleasure of the traffickers, every feeling of delicacy, every endearment of parental and filial tenderness and dependence being crushed, violated, and set at nought; doomed to toil, suffer, and die, for the gain and at the caprice of another. These poor victims are not our immediate kindred, but they are our fellow-men whom their Creator hath made of the same blood with ourselves; and by the laws of Providence they are marked as our neighbors, whom God (who is over all) hath commanded us to love as ourselves; while the standard is inflexible for them as it is imperative for all—"as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." We have not been left to abstract reasonings or conjecture to form our opinion of the wrongs inflicted by slavery on these millions, but are warranted to accept the description given by President Jefferson, in his prophetic augury of what awaited his country when he exclaimed. "What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose. But we must await with patience the workings of an over-ruling Providence, and hope that He is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, when their groans shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunders, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality."

The friends of America in France and Britian looked anxiously to her statesmen and patriots, hoping that they might soon inaugurate the era when slavery should be doomed, as it had been denounced by her philanthropists; and that its abettors, enlightened and warned, would seek a peaceful solution of their great national problem. The United States had already contended with and overcome greater difficulties than might be found in the enfranchisement of the negro population. Their national independence had been secured amidst many dangers and sacrifices. They had opened paths in the primeval forest, reared cities in the wilderness, and found ports in every part of the world for their produce and commerce. They had risen from being a colony of outcast pilgrim fathers to occupy an equality with the greatest nations and be welcomed as an ally with the most renowned empires on the earth. Their sails were unfurled, and their standard floated in every region, on every sea, and before every wind. They had become a great nation, and might legitimately contemplate the noblest and most philanthropic achievements. Yet the foul blot of slavery remained upon their banner.

Strangers should not presumptuously intermeddle in political debate as to the power, prerogatives, or relative obligations of the several States in Federal Union. The language and declarations of official men, however, and the ordinances of the seceding States, are published. South Carolina leading, Alabama, Texas, and Virginia following, avow slavery as the origin of the strife, and the intention of the war was declared by Mr Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of this Confederacy, when he exulted in the "fact that the new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea to the old Constitution; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man, that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition." Our solemn conviction is that no darker nor more dreary calamity could threaten any nation or people than the successful establishment of a republic whose corner-stone is the slavery of the working-man. The curse thus entailed would extend its poisonous influence far beyond the utmost range of the black population, and involve in moral degradation, corruption, and bondage, not only all the white people, rich and poor, but the government ruling them, the states holding friendly relation with them, and the merchants made rich by their merchandise and depending on their favor.

But we cordially congratulate the statesmen and Christians of America that already the shadows begin to disperse and the cloud is edged with the radiance of a brighter day. Slavery has been abolished by the wisdom of the ruler and legislature in the district of Columbia—the representative centre of the Republic. In the year 1860, the census numbered 3,185 slaves as resident there; but they are all free now, as are the negroes working in national arsenals and fortresses; the price of liberty being compensated from the exchequer of the Union to the former owner; while we rejoice to learn that the liberated men show themselves able to appreciate their freedom. We congratulate the people of England and America that slave-trading vessels are now subjected to the right of search by reciprocal treaty between the two governments in such latitudes on the high seas as were formerly scoured with impunity under the American flag. The sea pirate knows, too, that already has capital punishment overtaken one adventurer who thus violated the law. We look now to the territories of the republic as lands sacred to freedom, destined to become the homes of industry, commerce, and Christian fellowship; since the American legislature and the President have guarded them by the laws which henceforward will bar from them the intrusion and pollution of slavery. It is well that thus recently have the Christian Indians been taught to exclude from their communities those who would practise slaveholding and traffic which they had learned from the slave-dealing white. Emancipation, too, is already a State provision in Western Virginia, embodied as an organic law in her Constitution, when admitted by the signature of Mr. Lincoln to the Union two months ago. We read with deep and prayerful interest the proclamation of emancipation by the President, and rejoice that, notwithstanding the fears entertained by some good men, the results have been so beneficial. It has already brought liberty to myriads, who were held in bondage. The first day of 1863 will be identified with the name of Abraham Lincoln in the history of many future citizens of the United States. If the opinion of Mr. Attorney-General Bates be established as law, that any man born within the recognized territory of the United States is a citizen, then we must anticipate that henceforth even the negro, who is a man and a brother, will he also able to say, "I am an American," in the hour of threatened bondage. May not the day soon come, as longed for, when the President's counsel will be accepted, and the measure he recommends be made law, that all loyal States may emancipate their bondsmen, and the whole Union be willing to share the responsibility and expense? Even now, hundreds of thousands of negroes, slaves when Mr. Lincoln first occupied the presidential chair, are not only freedmen, but also servants of the State, and actively coöperating for the redemption of their native country. They are Americans, though colored men, and ready to make every sacrifice for the restoration of peace, the establishment of liberty, and the triumph of equitable government. Men they are, whom the diplomatic representatives of Hayti and Liberia, now admitted to the brotherhood of American nations, when associated with ambassadors of imperial sovereigns, need not fear to recognize as kindred people, at the Capital of the American republic. Let the rulers and statesmen of the North persevere in such policy, pursue the course of equity, freedom, and universal liberty, and especially endeavor to requite the African people by a godlike benevolence for the ten thousand wrongs which have been inflicted on them, and they will find it both more pleasant and more safe and easy to do justice, to love mercy, to undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, than it is to do evil with both hands. With what renovated energy, with what moral power, with what hallowed consistency and honorable courage will the whole nation then be able to rise to their highest destiny. Then will the work of righteousness be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever; and the people shall dwell in a peaceful habitation, in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places. The greatness of the country will then be identified with goodness, and its name will be as ointment poured forth. It will have wiped from its banner every stain inconsistent with liberty, to which heretofore the finger of derision has been pointed, and will have established for its leaders a claim to the admiration of all enlightened men, as the benefactors of a long oppressed and injured people. It is the duty of American statesmen and Christian ministers (which all these considerations emphatically enforce) to guard against any reaction in the policy of emancipation, when arrangements, consequent on the termination of the present war, may come under discussion. A retrograde course would assuredly give a triumph to the adversaries of freedom, and put to shame all who have sympathized in the progress of the cause of the slave.

Richard Slate, Chairman.

[We have already informed our readers of the arrival in this country of the Rev. Dr. Massie and the Rev. J. H. Rylance, a deputation appointed to present the above address to the ministers of the United States.]

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN M. D. CONWAY AND EX-SENATOR MASON.

From The London Times, June 18.

Sir: As part of the political history of the times the correspondence transmitted herewith may have sufficient significance to call for its publication.

I submit it to you accordingly for a place in your columns.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant, J. M. Mason.

24 Upper Seymour street, Portman-square, June 17, 1863.

Aubery House, Notting-hill, London, W.,
June 10, 1863.

Sir: I have authority to make the following proposition on behalf of the leading anti-slavery men of America, who have sent me to this country.

If the States calling themselves "the Confederate States of America" will consent to emancipate the negro slaves in those States, such emancipation to be guaranteed by a liberal European commission, the emancipation to be inaugurated at once, and such time to be allowed for its completion as the commission shall adjudge to be necessary and just, and such emancipation once made to be irrevocable—then the Abolitionists and anti-slavery leaders of the Northern States shall immediately oppose the prosecution of the war on the part of the United States government, and, since they hold the balance of power, will certainly cause the war to cease by the immediate withdrawal of every kind of support from it.

I know that the ultimate decision upon so grave a proposition may require some time; but meanwhile I beg to be informed at your early convenience whether you will personally lend your influence in favor of a restoration of peace and the independence of the South upon the simple basis of the emancipation of the slaves.

Any guarantee of my own responsibility and my right to make this offer shall be forthcoming.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,
J. M. Mason, Esq. Moncure D. Conway.

24 Upper Seymour street, Portman-square,
June 11, 1863.

Sir: I have your note of yesterday. The proposition it contains is certainly worthy of the gravest consideration, provided it is made under a proper responsibility. Yet you must be aware that, while you know fully the representative position I occupy, I have not the like assurance as regards yourself.

If you think proper, therefore, to communicate to me who those are on whose behalf and authority you make the proposition referred to, with the evidence of your "right to make this offer," I will, at once, give you my reply, the character of which, however, must depend on what I may learn of your authority in the premises.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
Moncure D. Conway, Esq. J. M. Mason.

Aubrey House, Notting-hill, June 16, 1863.

Sir: Your note of the 11th has been received.

I could easily give you the evidence that I represent the views of the leading Abolitionists of America, but with regard to the special offer which I have made I have concluded that it was best to write out to America and obtain the evidence of my right to make it in a form which will preclude any doubt as to its sufficiency.

I shall then address you again on the subject.

I am, etc., Moncure D. Conway.
J. M. Mason, Esq.

24 Upper Seymour street, Portman-square,
June 17, 1863.

Sir: I have received your note of yesterday.

You need not write to America to obtain the evidence of your right to treat on the matter it imports. Our correspondence closes with this reply. It was your pleasure to commence it, it is mine to terminate it.

I desired to know who they were who were responsible for your mission to England, as you present it; and who were to confirm the treaty you proposed to make for arresting the war in America, on the basis of a separation of the States, with or without the sanction of their government. But such information is of the less value now, as I find from an advertisement in the journals of the day that you have brought to England letters of sufficient credit from those who sent you to invite a public meeting in London, under the sanction of a member of Parliament, who was to preside, to hear an address from you on the subject of your mission, with the promise of a like address from him.

This correspondence shall go to the public, and will find its way to the country, a class of the citizens of which you claim to represent. It will, perhaps, interest the government and the *soi-disant* "loyal men" there to know, under the sanction of your name, that the "leading anti-slavery men in America" are prepared to negotiate with the authorities of the Confederate States for a "restoration of peace and the independence of the South on a pledge that the Abolitionists and anti-slavery leaders of the Northern States shall immediately oppose the further prosecution of the war on the part of the United States government, and since they hold the balance of power, will certainly cause the war to cease by the immediate withdrawal of every kind of support from it."

As some reward, however, for this interesting disclosure, your inquiry whether the Confederate States will consent to emancipation on the terms stated shall not go wholly unanswered. You may be assured, then, and perhaps it may be of value to your constituents to assure them, that the Northern States will never be in relations to put this question to the South, nor will the Southern States ever be in a position requiring them to give an answer.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
Moncure D. Conway, Esq. J. M. Mason.

LETTER FROM WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: By the last arrival from England, it appears that Mr. Mason, Envoy of the Confederate States, had sent to the London *Times* a correspondence between the Rev. Moncure D. Conway and himself—Mr. C. informing Mr. M. that "he is authorized on behalf of the Anti-Slavery people of America, who have sent him to England, to propose that if the Confederate States will immediately commence the work of negro emancipation, the anti-slavery leaders of the Northern States will at once oppose the prosecution of the war; and since they hold the balance of power, will cause the war to cease by the immediate withdrawal of every kind of supplies from it." It is further added that Mr. Mason very properly asked Mr. Conway to produce his credentials. Mr. Conway replied that he would write to America for them. In closing the correspondence, Mr. Mason remarks that "It will, perhaps, interest Abolitionists to learn that they have a delegate here prepared, in their name, to enter into a compromise on the question of slavery."

This correspondence is of so extraordinary and grave a character that I beg permission to state, in *The Tribune*, in behalf of the Abolitionists with whom I am identified, that *they* have not been guilty of such folly and presumption as to authorize any such proposition to be made to Mr. Mason; nor will they forward any endorsement of it to Mr. Conway, who is in England upon his own responsibility alone, representing the Anti-Slavery cause no further than does every other eloquent and devoted friend of freedom who desires to see the rebellion speedily suppressed, and slavery as speedily abolished.

There are at least three weighty reasons why the Abolitionists could not make any overture of this nature to the Confederate traitors, especially through the infamous author of the Fugitive Slave law.

The first is, that no reliance can be placed upon the word of those who stand before the world black with perfidy and treason, and in the most dreadful sense as *hostes humani generis*. Having long since proved themselves capable of uttering any falsehood, however stupendous, practising any deception, however detestable, and breaking any pledge, however solemnly made, it would be the height of infatuation to suppose them morally capable of carrying out any stipulation for the emancipation of their wretched bondmen.

The second reason is, that as they commenced and are carrying on the war expressly and avowedly to obtain wider scope and stronger safeguards for their cherished slave system—and desire their independence upon no other ground—to approach them with an overture for Immediate Emancipation as the method of terminating the struggle and securing their recognition as an independent Confederacy, is to be lacking in self-respect, and to justify them in resenting it as an insult and a mockery.

The third reason is, that the Federal government has already decreed, "forever," the liberation of all the slaves in the Confederate States, and stands solemnly pledged to enforce that decree in suppressing the rebellion. It is, therefore, not only an act of supererogation, but an imputation upon the government to solicit the traitors to do that, as a means of triumph and to screen themselves from punishment, which has been wisely and constitutionally done by President Lincoln to save the Republic.

Yours, for Universal Freedom, and therefore no compromise with the Confederate States.

Boston, June 30, 1863. Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

[We think Mr. Garrison gives too much importance to Mr. Conway's foolish affair. His correspondence with Mr. Mason (now at hand) shows that he only professed to speak for "the leading anti-slavery men of America, *who have sent me to this country*." We do not know who they are, but they certainly must be a small and not very wise minority of even "the leading anti-slavery men of America," and Mr. Conway claims authority from no other. Even these, we are confident, will disclaim his proposal to Mason.—*Ed. Tribune.*]

MR. CONWAY'S EXPLANATION.

[Since the above was in type, we have received by a later arrival a supplemental letter of Mr. Conway to *The Times*, as follows:]

To the Editor of The Times.

Sir: Absence from London has prevented my giving such careful attention to the correspondence between Mr. Mason and myself as was necessary to make the explanation which the public on both sides of the ocean will naturally expect of me.

In the correspondence as it stands there are three parties involved—namely, the Abolitionists of America, myself, and Mr. Mason with his Confederates.

As to the first, it was to pounce upon them and compromise them with their government that Mr. Mason rushed into print so eagerly that, though only a little way from London, I did not receive his last letter until half a day after I had seen it in *The Times*. But I wonder that Mr. Mason did not see, what the Americans will certainly see, that my second note to him admits that my authority extended definitely only to the declaration that the Abolitionists of America were giving moral support to this war simply and only in the interest of emancipation, and that when that issue ceased to be involved they would no longer sustain it; "but that, with regard to the special offer," I must write out and get a special authority. This left it yet an open question whether the leading anti-slavery men were "prepared to negotiate with the Confederate authorities." He spriugs [illegible] before they are [illegible]. They are not [illegible] at all. They [illegible], stand [illegible] an unwillingness to prosecute this terrible war for any less important aim than the complete wiping out of their country's crime and shame, but it has all along been their avowed position that they are, to quote Wendell Phillips, "willing to accept anything, union or disunion, on the basis of emancipation."

Then, of the Abolitionists, I alone am implicated by this correspondence. And here I am ready to confess that my inexperience in diplomatic and political affairs has led me to make a proposition, the form of which is objectionable. Recognizing Mr. Mason only as an unofficial though representative Southerner, whose views would be a test of the disposition of the rebels on the subject of slavery, and anxious to afford that test to certain very eminent literary men in England, who acknowledged that the reply to such a proposition would decide their feelings with regard to the issue, I inferred hastily and improperly that the right to declare the object of the Abolitionists in the war justified me in sending the proposition to Mr. Mason personally. As this, my first "correspondence with the enemy," was undertaken only in the interest of my country, and was virtually a demand for the surrender of the enemy's capital, I shall hope that the apparent disloyalty of it, of which I was unconscious, will be condoned by the country I meant to serve.

But Mr. Mason and his confederates are implicated in this matter in a way to which I desire to call the attention of those gentlemen to satisfy whose minds I wrote the proposition, and of all others who think that the South is fighting for any worthier independence than impunity in permanently robbing another race of its independence.

In order to compromise the Abolitionists, Mr. Mason concedes that I had authority to make the offer of independence for emancipation. He acknowledges, on the strength of Mr. Garrison's letter of credit, that I had that authorization to which, when shown him, he had promised a reply. So the English public know now, with a clearness which my own blundering way of evoking such a confession did not merit, what the reply of the South is to a proposition offering her "freedom," as she calls it, on the condition of her according the same to the millions whom she oppresses. Whether I had a right to make the offer or not, it is answered. The believer in the golden rule has only to ask himself what would be his interest in the success of the Northern arms if his own wife and children were to-day under the lash on a Southern plantation, now that we have Mr. Mason's assurance that every gateway except that of war is closed.

I am, etc., Moncure D. Conway.

Aubrey House, Notting-hill, W., June 22.

THE FREEDMAN'S INQUIRY COMMISSION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

Port Royal, S. C., June 13.

* * * An incident significant of the profound interest and earnest notions that underlie the public mind upon this subject, and momentous of a policy vital at least to a class, and perhaps to the whole people, if there be truth in the saying that to secure the permanent well-being of our neighbor is the surest and shortest road to our own—a Commission has been appointed by the War Department, with instructions to provide a complete report, by personal examination of all the sources of information, to be hereafter presented to the government. Upon the facts contained in this report, the wisdom of the nation will base legislation upon so grand a problem as the absolute change of state and the elevation of a *people* from primitive—nay, worse, the vicious—barbarism that constitutes the dregs of a false civilization, to order, morality and religion. It is, indeed, a great undertaking, and needs to be appreciated, not only by those appointed to perform it, but also by the public for whom it is performed.

The members of the Commission are Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana; Col. James McKaye, of New York, and Dr. Howe, of Boston; but only Col. McKaye visited Port Royal. He was accompanied by Capt. Geo. W. Nichols, of Maj.-General Fremont's Staff, and your correspondent, who was selected, by reason of his familiarity with the Department, to do the clerical work. The investigation has been most thorough, and its results, I think I am not mistaken in believing, will be among the most important in deciding, first, the probability, and, second, the general plan of accommodating the fruits of emancipation to the social, political and religious hygiene of the nation.

Facts were revealed by the investigation respecting these people—concerning their mode of life, their habits of thought, and the strong under-current of their former unhappy existence—of which I was entirely ignorant, notwithstanding my long residence at Port Royal. Col. McKaye's large experience at the Bar, his admirable tact, his sound judgment and perfect knowledge of human nature, eminently fit him for his work. His personal presence was sufficient to gain for him at once the confidence of the blacks, and they unhesitatingly opened up to his view the experiences of plantation life, that under slavery they were always careful to conceal. Their testimony gives such a black record of South Carolina barbarism and cruelty, that its publication would astonish the people.

First—They are found, immediately after release from bondage, destitute entirely of family relations, "eating upon the hoe" in the field, the family table being a thing unknown. Now, on the contrary, not only in the immediate neighborhood of example and teaching, but upon isolated settlements and upon plantations, as if instinctively, they have turned to this fundamental principle, whose institution is perhaps the source of all others—the family—the root of the State.

Second—They had had no idea of marital relations. Girls innocently prostituted themselves, and it was the custom to pair and to change pairs, according to fancy or the advice of owners, lustful of *breeding*. But freedom has begun to recall forgotton purity. Man and wife, parent and child, are already among them words of actual significance, and the brute has suddenly taken a human shape. Of course it would be useless in a letter to attempt to enumerate with any detail the points of light discovered by the Commission, but in the most general summary—

Third—From a religion little above fetish superstition—a religion without distinction—that, however prostitute, the girl immediately became "respectable" upon "joining the Church," and lying was a vice quite as common as any virtue among Church-members—so subtly impressible are the sensibilities of this tropical people that no sooner has the sun of righteousness found for its normal medium an atmosphere—the atmosphere of freedom—than the barren soul, like a recovered swamp land, immediately blossoms, and bears an unsuspected variety and quality of loveliness. To impassive sons of Northern nurture, it would seem almost incredible without eyewitness, that justice and worship, the two great commandments, could show fruit so quickly and remarkably. But are not the seeds already in the soil? The sun does but call them forth, and this is a tropic soil, and freedom's is indeed here a tropical sun.

One principal point of the investigation was as to the expediency of isolating the free blacks. With significant intelligence, these people themselves testify that they need the presence, example and advice of white men to prevent them from *sinking*. Their own idea seems to be to secure the education of sufficient of their own number in time to become their own teachers, but for the present, at least, their missionaries shall be white men.

This is imperfectly a sketch of the work done by the Commission at Port Royal. Eastern Virginia has already been visited, where the blacks were found indeed more "enlightened," but alas! also more viciously degraded; for the Port Royal people are *primitive*. It is even suggested that the reason why so fine a harbor was so jealously neglected by Southern commerce was to reserve it for the commerce of a more profitable than legal traffic—the "bark built i' the eclipse and rigged with curses dark" of the slave trade—the fact being that very few of these negroes are more than two generations removed from the native-born African. It is proposed next to visit the Departments of the West and Southwest, afterwards the West Indies, Cuba, San Domingo and the islands of the French—nay, for the most complete elucidation of the magnificent phenomenon, the transition of a people from bondage to freedom—the Russian emancipation system also will be most thoroughly reviewed and reported. Hail to this Commission! It is a sign that the authorities are indeed in earnest, and the startling light that they must shed upon the horrors of the "consummation of human villanies" will so rouse the true heart of the North that it will be an impossibility for [illegible] mise. As the people read [illegible] rivers flow red to the sea till every single drop of [illegible] damned blood eke from the veins of my country." Life is little; the purpose of life is everything.

"Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood,
Nor longer let his idol drink
His daily cup of human blood;
And rear another altar there,
To truth and love and mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall draw an answer down from Heaven."

The Commission has been aided very greatly in its duties by Gen. Hunter and the other military authorities of the Department. To Gen. Saxton and Capt. Hooper, a member of his Staff, it is under special obligations. Capt. Hooper is a graduate of Harvard, and son of the Massachusetts Congressman. He is diligent, intelligent, courteous, and so admirably adapted and valuable in his service as to merit this prominent mention.

H. J. Winser.

THE HORRORS OF SLAVERY.

[By way of illustrating the degree of brutality which slavery has developed among the whites in the South, we append the following extract from a letter in the New York *Times*, recounting what was told by the refugees from Mrs. Gillespie's estate on the Black River.]

The treatment of the slaves, they say, has been growing worse and worse for the last six or seven years. Flogging with a leather strap on the naked body is common; also, paddling the body with a handsaw until the skin is a mass of blisters, and then breaking the blisters with the teeth of the saw. They have "very often" seen slaves stretched out upon the ground with hands and feet held down by fellow-slaves, or lashed to stakes driven into the ground, for "*burning*." Handfuls of dry corn-husks are then lighted, and the burning embers are whipped off with a stick so as to fall in showers of live sparks upon the naked back. This is continued until the victim is covered with blisters. If, in his writhings of torture the slave gets his hands free to brush off the fire, the burning brand is applied to them.

Another method of punishment, which is inflicted for the higher order of crime, such as running away, or other refractory conduct, is to dig a hole in the ground large enough for the slave to squat or lie down in. The victim is then stripped naked and placed in the hole, and a covering or grating of green sticks is laid over the opening. Upon this a quick fire is built, and the live embers sifted through upon the naked flesh of the slave, until his body is blistered and swollen almost to bursting. With just enough of life to enable him to crawl, the slave is then allowed to recover from his wounds if he can, or to end his sufferings by death.

"Charley Sloo" and "Overton," two hands, were both murdered by these cruel tortures. "Sloo" was whipped to death, dying under the infliction, or soon after punishment. "Overton" was laid naked upon his face and burned as above described, so that the cords of his legs and the muscles of his back refused longer to perform their offices. He was, nevertheless, forced into the field to labor, but being crippled, was unable to move enough to suit "Jeems"; so one day, in a fit of passion, he struck him on the head with a heavy stick, and killed him.

"Tom" had the consumption, but was forced to work in the cotton-field. One night he was missing from his cabin. Two days afterward, his body was found in the field, where he had fallen and died, on his way home.

"The poor old slave had gone to rest."

Edmund, belonging on the widow Gillespie's plantation, has been a witness of or knowing to several cases of punishment by the burning process. Two of these were of girls belonging to the widow G., in New Orleans, and the others occurred on her "island plantation," before referred to. America, wife of Essex, one of the women in the party, related to me the particulars of one case, as follows: There was a middle-aged woman in the family, named Margaret, who had a nursing child. Mrs. Gillespie ordered Margaret to wean the child. The babe was weakly, and Margaret did not wish to do so. Mrs. G. told her that she would examine her breast the next Monday, and, if she found any milk in it, she would punish her severely. Monday came round, and on that day Margaret's stent was to spin eighteen "broaches"—spools—but she did not finish it. At night, the promised examination took place, and the breast of Margaret gave but too convincing proof that, in obedience to the yearnings of a mother's heart, she had spurned the threat of the inhuman mistress. Mrs. G. then ordered the handsaw, the leather strap, and a wash-bowl of water. The woman was laid upon her face, her clothes stripped up to around her neck, and "Becky" and "Jane" were called to hold her hands and feet. Mrs. Gillespie then paddled her with the handsaw, sitting composedly in a chair over her victim. After striking some one hundred blows, she changed to the use of the leather strap, which she would dip into the wash-bowl in order to give it greater power of torture. Under this infliction, the screams of the woman died away to a faint moan, but the "sound of the whip" continued till nearly 11 o'clock. "Jane" was then ordered to bring the hot tongs, the woman was turned over upon her back, and Mrs. Gillespie attempted to grasp the woman's nipples with the heated implement. The writhings of the mother, however, foiled her purpose; but between the breasts, the skin and flesh were horribly burned.

During this terrible infliction, "Jeems" came out of his room and remonstrated with his mother for "using the niggers so." He "did not wish them punished in that way." Her answer was, "They won't mind me, and I will do with them as I please." Margaret was a long time in recovering from her wounds. Rose Ann, who was child's nurse, was sent upon one occasion to find and bring home a little boy named Tommy, whom his father had taken down town with him after breakfast. The child had been left at Mrs. Turner's, a "grass-widow," living in Camp street, below Julia. It was found after a second hunt and brought home. Mrs. G. accused Rose of not trying to find the boy at first. She ordered her hands to be crossed and tied over her head; she was placed upon her back on the floor, her hands secured to the balusters, and her feet to the extension table. In this position her person was exposed, the poker heated in the stove, and to make the punishment the more humiliating as well as most acute, the hot instrument was applied to *the most tender part of her body*. She then gave her fifty lashes and let her loose. This horrible idiosyncracy seemed to be a favorite method of torture with the widow. America, who saw and related these facts to the writer, in the presence of several other fellow slaves, suffered a similar punishment on the plantation only a few months since. She is a seamstress, and had, by mistake, sewed in two sleeves of Mrs. G.'s daughter's dress the wrong way. For this offence, she was laid upon a board upon a ladder, her hands and feet secured, and a leather strap and buckle tightly fastened around her stomach and going under the ladder. Having previously placed the tongs in the fire, she ordered them brought, and began pinching her about the thighs, abdomen, and other parts, until they were baked and stiff. This species of refined torture seemed to be a favorite one with her. On another occasion, "America" says she was whipped with a new "yellow cowhide" until her flesh ceased to feel the blows. Mrs. G. then bought a bottle of "No. 6," and with a small sponge wet the lacerated parts with the fiery liquid, causing the most intense torture she ever experienced. Edmund, Essex, and the rest assert, that it was a very common thing to see a slave carried by force to the bed-room or the shed-room of Madame for punishment. She would order him to undress, and with her own hands apply the lash until she became exhausted.

[From another letter to *The Times*, dated Mouth of Red River, June 8.]

One of the gunboats to-day, has 170 contrabands on board. All the planters throughout this region have taken the alarm at the near prospect of the fall of Port Hudson and Vicksburg, and are starting their slaves off to Texas. They contrive to surprise the slaves, or take them unawares, bind and chain them in gangs, and by the aid of bloodhounds following close behind, hope to make good their escape to Texas and the Indian country. This movement has greatly alarmed the blacks, and they are now deserting the plantations and flying for succor to the gunboats or to the lines of the army. They are of all ages and sexes, from the old man of eighty to the infant in arms. Children predominate, for the reason that the parents of many have been driven away to [illegible] to Texas, leaving the [illegible] grandmother, [illegible] now have come [illegible] a circuit of eight or ten miles. Lilburn White, Ruffin R. Wimbish, of Temica, Dr. Metcalf and others, furnishing their quotas. The foundations of the great deep are breaking up.

The large infusion of the white element in these slaves would astonish some sentimentalists at the North who are accustomed to cry out against amalgamation at home. Not over one-half these nearly 200 people, young and old, are free from the admixture of white blood. Of the pure black, the large proportion are the old people. There are at least half-a-dozen who would be taken for white persons a little tanned, and any number from cream to "rosum color."

In the party are three light-complexioned, delicately formed young women, who have evidently been the favorites of some amalgamation haters on their respective plantations. One named Lucy, who is a quarteroon of 18 or 20 years, with poetically "lustrous eyes, wavy hair and a handsome figure," has a babe of a few months old so perfectly bleached that it would be "mistaken for a white child." These facts suggest curious physiological inquiries. As there is no amalgamation except in the North, it is probably owing to some mysterious influence of the atmosphere. They all bring with them one or more children. The young women are well provided with dresses from their mistresses' cast-off wardrobes, and with heads neatly turbaned with gayly-colored handkerchiefs, they are by no means unattractive, and subtract not a little from the less pleasing features of the rest of the crowd.

They all seem as happy as larks at having escaped the dreadful fate which awaited them of going to Texas; and are ready to fight, dig or die for "Uncle Abraham" and their freedom.

There are on board four refugees from "Dr. Jeems Metcalf's" plantation, Adams County, Mississippi. Among them is Marshall Bates, a nearly white man of thirty-five. He says he was the son of his old master, Daniel Bates, of Clay County, Kentucky. His master was shot by a brother-in-law, on account of some family difficulty, and the mistress, not liking his near resemblance to her husband, soon sold him to a Mississippi trader. Marshall fell into the hands of Dr. Metcalf, of Bourbon plantation, and though a man of much spirit, who has often taken his own part when unjustly attacked or punished, he has seen as well as suffered much during his life of bondage.

On the Bourbon place there was a slave named Dennis, a bricklayer, about 35 years of age, who had been bought in North Carolina. Less than two years ago, when everybody was talking about the war, Dennis was overheard by some white man to express the wish that they would hurry up the war and bring the time of freedom to the slave. This having been reported to Dr. Metcalf, he ordered Dennis *to be whipped to death*. The Doctor has two sons, Charles and Henry. Charles, who was then about twenty-two years of age, was ordered to inflict the punishment.

Dennis was brought out at night and stretched upon the ground naked, and some five or six slaves were ordered to hold him down. Charles then began to ply the lash, cutting the flesh from his heels to his head on the back side. After exhausting himself, he would compel the negro overseer to continue the infliction. After striking him about a thousand lashes, the torture was postponed for the next night, the negro being left a mass of excoriated, bleeding flesh. The next night the punishment was resumed, Marshall, with his fellow-slaves, being called to hold the victim as before. The slave was turned first on his back, then on his face, and the heavy leather thong applied *over all parts of the body*. Occasionally Charles would strike him over the head with the loaded end of the whip, or kick him in the sides or stomach with his boots. This was continued, says Marshall, until "my face, hands, and clothing were bespattered with the blood and flesh of Dennis." He held his hands. Finally, an unintentional blow across the throat, while the man was almost in his last gasp, finished the horrible scene. Dennis gave up the ghost under the lash.

The body was then weighted with a heavy piece of iron and thrown into the river. Afterward the roll of all the slaves who had witnessed the murder was called, and Charles threatened that if any one of them should ever mention what had been done, or if he should even hear of it, he would trace out the one that told it and serve him the same way. Charles is now holding a lieutenant's commission in the rebel army somewhere in Virginia. He left in a cavalry regiment. Hunting and tearing to pieces with bloodhounds and other forms of murder have been witnessed by many of these escaped slaves, or they have been cognizant of them.

These narratives are not drawn out by questions, but they come out in casual conversation, and are recited without the slightest appearance of deception or imposition.

The slaves who have reached the gunboats now lying at "Col. Joe Ackland's" plantation, have been chased by dogs and pursued with guns. An intelligent slave woman, living on the latter-named place, reports this morning, that two women and two men were yesterday endeavoring to escape to these gunboats, but were overtaken by bloodhounds and torn to pieces in the woods. She had had the clearest proof of these facts.

D. S.

PROSPECTIVE EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.

[The following Ordinance of Gradual Emancipation was passed in the State Convention of Missouri, July 1st, by a vote of 51 to 30; the minority being made up in part of those who desired the perpetuity, and in part of those who desired the immediate abolition of slavery.]

SECTION 1. The first and second clauses of the twenty-sixth section of the 3d article of the Constitution are hereby abrogated.

SEC. 2. That slavery or involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, shall cease to exist in Missouri on the 4th of July, 1870, and all slaves within the State on that day are hereby declared to be free; provided, however, that all persons emancipated by this Ordinance shall remain under the control and be subject to their late owners or their legal representatives, as servants during the following period, to wit: Those over forty years of age, for and during their lives; those under twelve, until they arrive at the age of twenty-three: and those of all other ages until the 4th of July, 1876. The persons, or their legal representatives, who, up to the moment of emancipation, were owners of slaves hereby freed, shall, during the period for which the services of such freedmen are reserved to them, have the same authority and control over the said freedmen for the purpose of receiving the possessions and services of the same that are now held by the master in respect of his slaves; provided, however, that after the said 4th of July, 1870, no person so held to service shall be sold to non-residents or removed from the State by authority of his late owner or his legal representative.

SEC. 3. All slaves hereafter brought into the State and not now belonging to citizens of the State shall thereupon be free.

SEC. 4. All slaves removed by consent of their owners to any seceded State after the passage by such State of an act or ordinance of secession, and thereafter brought into the State by their owners, shall thereupon be free.

SEC. 5. The General Assembly shall have no power to pass laws to emancipate slaves without the consent of their owners.

SEC. 6. After the passage of this Ordinance no slave in this State shall be subject to State, County or municipal taxes.

MISSOURI FREE.

From The Evening Post.

Yesterday forty-five thousand slaves became free by act of emancipation in the Dutch West India Islands. On the same day the great State of Missouri took the first step towards becoming a free State.

The State Convention has passed an act by which Missouri will become a free State on the fourth of July, 1870—in seven years from next Saturday, that is to say: After that day the State is free, though still all slaves then over forty years of age will remain slaves for life; all under twelve are to be held till they are twenty-three; and all others till July, 4th, 1876. It is provided that after 1870 no slaves shall be sold to non-residents or removed from the State by their "late owners"; and it is also enacted that all slaves removed by their owners to any seceded State after the passage of the act of secession shall, if brought back again, be free. No compensation is made to owners.

According to the last census Missouri had, in 1860, 114,931 slaves. It is believed that there are in the State at this time less than thirty thousand. Several thousand were run off to the South by their rebel masters. These are free under the act if they are ever brought back. Many thousands must have run away to the free States. Those who remain are composed in great part of the old, the infirm, and the very young.

The act of emancipation, prospective though it is, will give a great stimulus to the prosperity of the State. Missouri has the finest soil, the richest deposits of minerals, and the most advantag [illegible] $501 [illegible] doubled.

The people of Missouri will rejoice with great joy, on Saturday next, that they are at last rid of that which has so oppressed them and interfered with their prosperity and progress. Let them, and let all Americans, remember that this is the direct result of free discussion in the State. Four years ago we were assured that, outside of St. Louis and a few small German settlements, the people were unanimously opposed to emancipation. With "border ruffian" bowie-knives to stop free speech, and burn and sink in the Missouri free presses, there remained no way to expose this falsehood. But when the rebellion began, when the "border-ruffian" turned his bowie-knife against his own State, and was driven from it as its worst enemy, the people had an opportunity to speak. Then it suddenly appeared that everybody, almost, favored emancipation; and the journals who before had most strongly supported slavery owned that all parties in Missouri were ready and resolved to make the State free, their only differences being as to the manner of doing this.

What is proved in Missouri may yet prove true also in Mississippi. Who can tell? What means has any one for knowing the real sentiments of the people of any slave State on this subject? We have been told by the slaveholders that the poor whites will not tolerate emancipation. But we have heard this also of Missouri; we were told that Western Virginia cleaved to slavery. Let the subject be freely discussed, and then the world can know if indeed it is the non-slaveholders of the South who maintain the system which debases them.

We hope the friends of free labor in Maryland and Delaware will take courage from the redemption of Missouri. The convention has put off emancipation some years, but it has made the State free. We believe our friends in Maryland will do well to seek a quicker consummation; let them only discuss the question boldly, thoroughly and intelligently, and before another year passes we may hope to hail Maryland among the redeemed and purified free States.

From The Tribune.

The Ordinance is a curiosity. It declares that slavery shall cease on and after the 4th of July, 1870, and then provides that it shall not. Those who shall then be over 40 years of age shall remain slaves for life; those under 12 years shall remain slaves till they attain the age of 23; and those between the ages of 12 and 40 shall remain slaves till 1876; so that, though slavery is declared to be abolished on the 4th of July, 1870, as aforesaid, not a single slave will be liberated till six years thereafter; a large class not for several years ensuing; and another large class not at all. The sum and substance of abolition in 1870 is that, after the 4th of July in that year, no person who may up to that time be held as a slave can be sold or taken to reside out of the State. All slaves brought into the State henceforth shall thereupon be free.

This Ordinance was not submitted to a vote of the people, and will not generally command their approval. In fact, the Convention was aware of this, for they did not venture to submit it to a popular vote. Nor would they permit the people to elect State Officers to replace those now holding by the doubtful tenure of this Convention's choice. Gov. Gamble offered his resignation, but the Convention would not accept it, and would not order a special election this year. Everything holds over to the regular State Election in August, 1864.

A large portion of the people—we think a majority—urgently wish to get rid of slavery—not ten or twenty years hence, but *now*. They live in constant peril from the ruffians and miscreants whom slavery has ripened into traitors and assassins, and they seek immediate deliverance therefrom. Most of the residue are at heart rebels, and don't want slavery abolished at all. Between these stands the "Conservative" majority of the Convention, representing some forgotten yesterday, and seeking to tide over the roaring breakers as gently as may be. Such is Missouri in 1863.

MR. MARCELLUS BAILEY, the eldest son of the late Dr. Bailey, of *The National Era*, has resigned a $2,000 clerkship in the Treasury Department and accepted a second lieutenancy in the 1st United States colored regiment.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

THE VICTORY AND ITS EFFECTS.

A CROWNING victory has at length blessed our arms! It is hard to believe it, but we think we cannot be mistaken this time. We have been watching fearfully for accounts of our troops "falling back in good order," of "changes of base," and the old *hocus pocus* by which incompetence or treachery was transformed into "strategy." But, up to this present writing, it looks as if the rebels had met with a defeat which even their infinite power of lying cannot affirm to be a victory. We were confident, as we said last week, that this must be the result of the invasion of the North, with only moderate ability in the handling of the army and a tolerable support from the militia of the neighboring States. We thank God that it has been vouchsafed to us. The time of a great victory had come. One at a much earlier point of time would have been but too likely to be a defeat in disguise. The General who organized defeat, in the hope, as we are willing to believe, that thus the rebels might be willing to come back into the Union again, builded better than he knew when he gave the enemy time to make his preparations in the Autumn and Winter of 1861–2, when he fled before him down the Peninsula a year ago, and when he permitted him to escape with all his men and munitions at Antietam. He meant to save slavery. He was the fated instrument of its destruction. Had he crushed the rebellion, as he might have done, a year and a half ago, had he even taken Richmond, as any other officer could not have failed to do last Summer, he might have gratified the heart's desire of the Southern party in the North whose creature he was. An effectual blow then dealt might have been followed by an ignominious treaty which should put the foot of slavery upon the neck of the Nation for a farther season. A victory then would have been, almost certainly, the substantial triumph of the vanquished and their disgraceful abettors among ourselves. It has been ordered better for us than we should have arranged it for ourselves had we had the direction of events.

The war has by no means been without victories on our side. We suppose that the balance of actual successes has been in our favor. Forts Henry and Donelson, and Pea Ridge and Pittsburg Landing and other Western fields have seen our victorious banners waving over them. By reason of them the territory of the Rebellion has been steadily curtailed, and not a foot that had been gained has ever been lost. But those great successes were barren of ultimate results as long as they were not supported by answering successes on the Potomac. The disasters there are what have obstructed the eyes of the nation from the substantial gains in those other directions, and given heart and hope to the rebels and their friends in Europe and at the North. For almost the first time since McClellan's ignominious failures has the commander of that army had the cordial support of the generals of all of the *corps d'armée* subordinate to him. Gen. Pope would have had a victory had it not been for the traitorous disobedience of Porter, and others who escaped unpunished. Burnside was disappointed of success through the insubordinate neglect of duty of Gen. Franklin. We cannot say whether Hooker lost the battle of Chancellorsville through the fault of his generals or his own; but there is no doubt in the mind of any officer there that that battle ought to have been a [illegible] tam, followed by the safe withdrawal of every man and every gun by the enemy, would have been the best we could have hoped for. The culmination of the star of Gen. Meade, we may hope, will cause that of Gen. McClellan to pale its ineffectual fires into utter darkness.

That this victory, even if as complete as the wildest rumors have affirmed, will be the immediate end of the rebellion, is more than can be hoped—we might say more than can be feared. The serpent of rebellion has too many heads at the South, besides the copper-colored ones reared at the North, to make its death likely to be effected by a single blow. It will linger long and make many a desperate struggle yet ere it gives up the ghost. Even should the capture of Richmond be a swift consequence of this auspicious event, the rebellion will only retire farther inland and take up its position in the mountain fastnesses, meant by nature to be the strongholds of liberty, and yet to be redeemed for such. The venom in the blood which has broken out in this war is yet virulent as ever, and will yet have its due course. We shall hear of secret wishes of concealed Unionists for the end of the war, but they will have to remain concealed or the union of their souls and bodies will be but of brief duration. It is very likely that there are such, and perhaps many such, but they are not among the men whose voice is potential in directing the destinies of the South. Those men are fixed and resolute, and will be only the more fixed in their resolution by defeat. They will compel all men capable of bearing arms to come to their rescue, including these very secret friends of the Union. And yet another result, we believe, may be upon the cards. One man is now exempt from conscription for every twenty slaves. It may be necessary to fall back upon this reserved force, and, as a necessary consequence, to fall yet farther back, upon the negroes. Rather than yield in the contest and come back discomfited and defeated into the Union again, we have always believed that they would emancipate and arm their slaves. This we knew, too, to be the opinion of eminent persons whose authority, could we presume to mention it, would be final on such a point with our readers. It may be thus that, in the providence of God, slavery is destined to be broken in pieces and ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of the North and the South. And this may well be the unhoped-for issue of the delays and disasters manœuvred in the interest of slavery, and it may be thus that the short-sighted villanies of man may yet be made to praise God!

In the midst of our just rejoicing and our well-grounded hopes of a more brilliant and happier future, let us not forget that the worst foes of the Nation are those in its own bosom. Our deadliest enemies are the mean and dastardly traitors who are striking at the heart of the Nation from under the shelter of her protecting arm. Franklin Pierce, a man whom the secessionists of the South made President as the readiest and supplest tool of their designs, has placed himself by the side of Vallandigham, the Seymours and the Woods. He is fit company for them. Our readers know, if they have read the extract from the Richmond *Enquirer* on the first page of our last week's paper (and if they have not we advise them to do so), how perfectly the rebels understand "the great cause of the spoils, or as they (the Copperheads) call it, the cause of constitutional liberty," and how thoroughly they despise the dirty wretches that support it. Of these Mr. Pierce is fairly the chief. He loves to do the dirty work of the slaveholders now as well as in all his life before. No amount of contempt and despite heaped upon him, and such as him, by their masters who have kicked them out of doors, can wean them from their duty and fealty. There is no meanness, no crime, not immediately involving their personal safety, that they would not commit in their old masters' service. The victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg are a sorer blow to Pierce and his like than they will be to his former Secretary Jefferson Davis. But they will be swift to use them for their purposes, and we shall soon hear of the duty of conciliation and reconciliation consequent on success. And this will be held to be a virtual surrender of every principle which makes the war a virtue and not a crime. That there are high influences at Washington ready to play into their hands we know, for we know who it was that made Seymour Governor of this State instead of Wadsworth. The first hope of a just and true issue of this war lies in the persistency of Jefferson Davis. But should that fail us, it behooves us all to see that he does not dictate the terms of the settlement he can no longer withstand, by the hand of these, the most abject of his slaves.

ENLISTMENT OF COLORED SOLDIERS.

WE print in another place the stirring appeal of the "Supervisory Committee on Colored Enlistments" in Philadelphia to their fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania and elsewhere for coöperation and pecuniary aid in their important work; also the appeal of the same Committee to the men of color themselves, urging them to embrace the opportunity now afforded of taking an honorable part in the defence of their country and of their own inalienable rights.

It is scarcely possible, it seems to us, to say anything that shall give additional weight to the considerations so forcibly and eloquently presented in these appeals; but in justice to our own feelings and convictions [illegible] no longer mooted; the heroism of the black forces at Port Hudson and Milliken's Bend, and the gallant conduct of the brave company the other day at Columbia, Pa., having put even their worst enemies to shame. The negro will fight, and that not like a demon, but, as General Thomas testifies, as an "avenging angel." The measure which but lately encountered a fierce resistance now meets with almost universal favor. In conservative Philadelphia it is adopted with enthusiasm, as the distinguished names appended to the appeal above alluded to sufficiently attest. A cause which in that city commands the coöperation of such men as Thomas Webster, Singleton A. Mercer, J. M. McKim, Horace Binney, Jr., Benjamin H. Brewster, N. B. Browne (late Democratic Postmaster), George H. Boker, Judge Kelley, Cadwallader Biddle, Henry Samuel, George Truman, Jr., B. P. Hunt, Henry C. Lea, Abraham Barker, Lindley Smith, Charles Wise, etc., etc., must have won the approval of the whole mass of loyal citizens. Such an odd array of names, Radical and Conservative, Old Line Whig and late Buchanan Democrat, has rarely been seen, and it certainly indicates a deep popular conviction that the measure in question involves nothing less than the salvation of the country. Another evidence of the state of the public mind in Philadelphia is seen in the fact that, already, the Committee has raised upwards of $20,000 to promote the object, and confidently expects to increase the sum to $50,000—the whole amount to be devoted to defraying the extraordinary expenses of procuring enlistments, for which the government makes no provision.

Already, we understand, there are 400 recruits in camp William Penn. This camp is at Chelton Hills, a few miles North of Philadelphia, on land owned by our friend Edward M. Davis, and in a neighborhood whose inhabitants generally are anxious to do all in their power to make the recruits comfortable and do them good. The Philadelphia *North American* says:

"A finer site could not have been chosen. It is in [illegible] is attached to this regiment, and a drum corps also colored. The commissioned officers of the regiment are all white men of experience in war, the non-commissioned officers being colored.

"These colored soldiers, like the white ones, are mostly young men, consequently their physique is not quite up to the sturdy look of the middle aged black men. Six months experience in the field, however, will develop their brawny forms, as it always does that of the young white soldiers. There is no gloom about these black warriors—no seriousness of look such as seems to brood over the camp of other troops. They are full of spirits, buoyant and exultant over the dawning fortunes of the race."

The same paper gives an account of the celebration of the Fourth of July at Camp William Penn:

"We were present on Saturday, with a large concourse of people of both races, on the occasion of the celebration of the national anniversary at this camp. The Supervisory Committee from the Chesnut street headquarters brought out with them the eloquent colored orator, Frederick Douglass, to present to the regiment an elegant silk flag, the handiwork of ladies of the city. Ladies came on horseback and in carriages from the whole surrounding country.

"In the afternoon the troops were drawn up in line, in the national uniform, with their muskets, and looked remarkably well as they went through the drill. After being marched and countermarched about the grounds, they were brought to position for firing, the grounds cleared, and they fired nine rounds with tolerable precision, in honor of the Fourth. The universal want of habituation to the use of arms among the blacks, is a thing not to be overcome easily; and we were, therefore, not surprised at some awkwardness among those who had never handled a gun before. Still they show a great aptitude to learn, and the verdict of all the officers who saw them was, that they would soon make very fair soldiers. We observed among the spectators Lieut.-Col. Hallowell, of the Massachusetts 55th colored regiment.

"After the firing, the regiment was drawn up again in parade order, and Frederick Douglass presented the flag above mentioned, in a very neat speech. He said that he was sure that in their hands the Stars and Stripes would never be surrendered while there was a hope left, and all that men could do they would do to uphold the cause of which that flag was the representative. He congratulated them on being at last recognized in the rights of manhood by the country of their birth, and said that whatever rights might still be withheld from them, they must be content to await the developments of the future. Prejudices against their race were fast disappearing, and the sentiment of the people in their favor was far better than it had ever been before. This was the result, in a considerable degree, of the gallantry of colored men at Port Hudson. Mr. Douglass said he felt proud at having two of his own sons fighting in this great cause in the Massachusetts 54th—proud, indeed, of having two Douglasses in the field. To the colored men around, who were spectators of this scene, he appealed to come forward and join this regiment or aid in filling it up, so that it might not be delayed, but sent promptly into service, where it could do some good. Lieut.-Col. Wagner received the flag in a short but appropriate speech, in which he expressed his confidence in the spirit and courage of the men.

"The regiment then stacked arms and marched to the Quartermaster's tent, where an entertainment awaited them, singing as they went, in full chorus, 'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,' accompanied by the hand. Copies of Boker's beautiful ode on the 1st Louisiana colored regiment were widely distributed. Taken altogether, the celebration of the day at the colored camp was very gratifying both to the men and to the spectators."

We understand that money is to be raised, with which to extemporize a school-house on the camp ground, to furnish books, blackboards, etc. Provision will also be made, we doubt not, for such religious instruction as will be acceptable to the recruits. We have heard a rumor that Lucretia Mott, whose residence is hardly more than a stone's throw from the camp, will address them to-morrow (Sunday).

Never had men stronger inducements to enlist than those which now press upon our colored fellow-citizens. Their country, their race, their own welfare for all time, appeal to them; and sure we are that the appeal will be responded to in a spirit worthy of men who appreciate their rights and the cause of universal liberty.

Camp William Penn is now the only place in the free States, east of the Alleghanies, where colored recruits are received. George L. Stearns, a friend tried and true, is Commissioner. He is aided by Thomas Webster and others—including our friend J. M. McKim—who are devoting their whole souls to the work, believing it to be of the highest importance. They desire the coöperation of all friends of the cause, and solicit the correspondence of those who have any suggestions on the subject to offer.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING.

On Monday evening, an audience estimated at 5,000 assembled in National Hall, in Market street, to listen to addresses upon the subject of colored enlistments. One half the assembly was black, the other half white; and the two classes were intermingled in every part of the hall. The Rev. Stephen Smith, a wealthy and influential colored man, presided, assisted by a large number of Vice-Presidents. The Secretaries were Eben D. Bassett, Jacob C. White, Jr., Octavius V. Catto.

The meeting was addressed by Judge Wm. D. Kelley, Anna E. Dickinson, Mr. Maxwell of Chicago, and Frederick Douglass. Judge Kelley said: "After two hundred years of unbroken oppression, Providence has opened the way of the black to prove his manhood, and to march to honor and glory. I shall only ask you to move on to the destiny which awaits your race. Colored men of Pennsylvania, I ask you to carry at the head of your troops the flag which abolished slavery before any other State or nation, and to carry that flag wherever rebellion rears its head (cheers), and to prove that you are more than a master for the slavocrats of the South (applause). Old men, some of you are wealthy. Say to your sons that if they prove recreant in this hour you will disinherit them. Mothers, tell your sons if they falter, you will disown them. Girls, when the spruce-looking young fellow comes after you, tell him that he who is afraid of gunpowder is not to be preferred to the wooden leg and empty sleeve of the war-worn veteran (cheers). But the white men—will you take the support of these black men's families while they go away? (Cries of "Yes.") [illegible] cheering). He can save the country. He will fight our battles, and throttle to death the last of our foes. But it must be as a man; and here I abjure you, while you strike for liberty, it is as a man that you are acting. Let our colored men understand this, and in three months peace will be given to the country."

Anna E Dickinson said: "The people of the United States have decreed justice. The Almighty has answered them with victory. Month after month we have struggled with a rebel foe; twenty-seven months we waited for decisive victory in the East. We had strength in the North; we had courage and wealth in the North. No one doubts the bravery of the men of the North. We were twenty million against eight. We had the brain of New England to put against South Carolina (cheers). Yet, the South went on winning victories, pushing us to the wall, trampling our banners in the dust, and demanding from the world the recognition of the genius and worth of her soldiers. Yet to-night we are rejoicing over a victory which wipes off all old scores of the Army of the Potomac. Why stands the South to-night hovering over the ruins of Gettysburg? Why? Because the North was battling for the rights of twenty million—for the proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863. It has had its real stamp put to it by the Massachusetts 55th and the Pennsylvania 3d. Is not this victory significant?"

Mr. Douglass spoke eloquently, and Prof. Bassett read an appeal which stirred the assembly like the blast of a trumpet.

The meeting closed with the reading of one of George H. Boker's poems.

A REBEL EMBASSY TO THE PRESIDENT.

BENNETT'S *Herald* of Tuesday contained the following somewhat startling dispatch:

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1863.

[illegible] ve been obtained from a source [illegible] correctness, and the statement [illegible] strictly true. [illegible] nst., the rebel gunboat Dragon [illegible] ver with a flag of truce. Acting [illegible] up an officer to meet it, when [illegible] t Alexander H. Stephens and [illegible] board. They represented [illegible] ra of an important letter from [illegible] der-in-Chief of the Army and [illegible] States, to Abraham Lincoln, [illegible] the Army and Navy of the [illegible] sted permission to proceed to [illegible] ton and present the letter to President Lincoln in person. They declined to reveal anything further in relation to their mission than is above stated. Admiral Lee, of course, had no authority to grant their request, and they consented to wait until he could communicate with Washington and receive instructions in regard to the matter. He accordingly telegraphed the facts and requested instructions. This morning a special Cabinet meeting was called to consider the matter. The granting of the request involved many delicate and important questions, as such a proceeding might be construed into an acknowledgment of the nationality of the pretended Confederate government; and, after all, the matter might be some comparatively unimportant affair, such as the employment of negro troops, etc. * * * It was decided the application could not be granted, and Admiral Lee was instructed to notify them that, should the application be renewed, the ordinary channels would suffice for the transmission of any communications they might desire to make.

The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune* confirms the substantial truth of the above, only denying that the Cabinet held a meeting to consider the subject. He says:

"The request, being addressed to the President, was taken to him by Secretary Welles, and declined as a matter of course. There is much speculation as to the topic to which the message sought to be communicated related. There is little doubt that it was predicated upon the supposition of Lee's complete success in Pennsylvania, and was, therefore, defiant in tone, being intended to discount anticipated victory in advance. It is supposed by some that the threats presumed to be embraced in the rebel message related to the employment of colored soldiers in the army of the Union; by others, that they grew out of the alleged injuries to the private property of rebels."

The New York *Times* puts forth a conjecture as to the object of the rebel embassy, as follows:

"We think we see a small speck of probability to sustain a solution of the riddle, as follows: Jeff. Davis felt in fine feather after Lee's successful invasion of Pennsylvania; and after witnessing the deep consternation it had spread through a large portion of the North, he judged that the Washington Administration itself was in no slight degree alarmed and demoralized by the presence of Lee's great army hanging like a cloud over the northwestern horizon of Washington. And he considered this a favorable moment to propose a cessation of hostilities, the withdrawal of his conquering legions to the line of the Potomac, and the appointment of a Convention to arrange for peace and the final separation of the States! Mr. Stephens, as being the least objectionable man in the Confederacy—preserving more of Northern respect for his personal virtues, talents and statesmanship, and, therefore, likely to exert more influence than any other public character that could be sent—was selected to bring us the offer of peace and exemption from conquest. The mission was accepted, but the distinguished diplomat got no further than Hampton Roads, when, on the Fourth of July—fatal day to enemies of Republican liberty—he heard of Lee's disastrous defeat at Gettysburg. Perceiving at once that all the basis of his proposed negotiation was gone, he sped back to Richmond, without saying a word about his mission or pressing his visit to Washington."

The Copperhead papers will all cry now in full chorus: "Our Southern brethren sought to present overtures of peace, and were bluntly repelled by the Abolition Administration, which is waging war, not for the restoration of the Union, but for the subjugation of the South and the abolition of slavery." But the President did just right. If Jeff. Davis has any communication for him, let him send it through the ordinary channels.

THE "PECULIAR INSTITUTION" ILLUSTRATED.—We have a photographic likeness of a Louisiana slave's back, taken five or six months after a terrible scourging, and exhibiting from the shoulders to the waist great welts and furrows raised or gouged by the lash, running crosswise and lengthwise—the victim himself presenting a noble countenance and fine physique. "This card photograph," says the New York *Independent*, "should be multiplied by one hundred thousand, and scattered over the States. It tells the story in a way that even Mrs. Stowe cannot approach, because it tells the story to the eye." Price 15 cents. Sent by mail, by enclosing postage stamp. Seven copies for one dollar, or $1.50 per dozen.

Address EDITOR of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, 48 Beekman st., New York.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

At Framingham, Massachusetts, July 4, 1863.

THIS is the 4th day of July: a day of hope, a day when every man who believes in ideas and the people has a historical right to hope; a day whose lesson is, that the weakest handful of men, fighting in a just cause, are invincible. To us, therefore, with millions on our side, with untouched resources, and the noblest cause in the world, the lesson of to-day is the certainty of success (applause). Our fathers launched their frail ship on the stormy waters of Democracy, nailing to the mast: "All men are equal." They "builded better than they knew." It is not only probable, it is certain, that they did not understand the full meaning of the motto under which the nation came into existence; but I think (putting the leaders out of the question) we may fairly assume that the mass of our ancestors in 1776 honestly endeavored to practise so much of that motto as they understood. It was a brave, serene faith in an untried law. To-day God holds to our lips the strong meat of that gospel which was but milk in the baby days of our fathers—the strong meat. Let us see to it, that in the day of our strength we exhibit as brave a faith in this noon of the gospel as our fathers did in the trying hour of its twilight. Hope is the lesson of to-day.

Before I proceed to speak of some of the reasons why I hope, let me say one word in reference to our friend, Mr. Conway. I think his intentions were as honest as this mid-day sun is clear (hear, hear, and applause). I think his devotion to the great cause of human liberty is as single-hearted as when he took his father's fifty slaves, every one of their holders a rebel but himself, and led them, with such devoted and self-sacrificing earnestness, to freedom on the northern banks of the Ohio (loud applause). I know, at the same time, that he does not represent in that offer one single man on this side of the Atlantic (hear, hear, and applause). I do not say I *believe* it; but I say—my own [illegible] and the eclipse of the nineteenth century. Disunion with liberty is an impossibility. These two are the articles of my faith. At the same time the reason why I would not have made that offer is this: There is no slave in the Confederate States for the Confederates to free, if they had a mind to. Every negro in the fourteen rebellious States was freed by the proclamation, except those whom events had freed before. That is the law of the only government existing on this Northern Continent, and it is the law of a government which has the power to execute its will. There is no slavery, therefore, about which the Abolitionists could treat, if they had a mind to, with the Confederate rebels. And as for treating with Mason, if the sun were forbidden ever again to rise in the morning, and I could have sunrise again by asking Mason, I would remain in the dark forever, rather than speak to the author of the Fugitive Slave bill (loud applause). That is my view of the offer of Mr. Conway, on the supposed behalf of the Abolitionists.

I said this was a day of hope. How shall I show you that? In order to do so, where shall I begin? The best way is to examine the enemy. We have two enemies. The great, honest, liberty-seeking millions of this Union have two enemies. One is encamped at Richmond and the other at Washington. I am about to examine both. I have no doubt of the final annihilation of the enemy at Richmond. Not because I believe in the success of General Dix. I think it an idle amusement to keep 50,000 men doing practically nothing on the Peninsula, while the banner of the Union staggers on the plains of Pennsylvania; for Richmond is not on the banks of the James River; Richmond hangs at the saddle-bow of Gen. Lee; whoever whips him, annihilates Richmond, and until he is beaten, Richmond is safe. If Dix takes Richmond, and Meade does not defeat Lee, we cannot hold it. If Meade defeats Lee, Richmond is ours—the bauble—whether Dix stays where he is, or comes to Washington. Now I have hope, strong hope, in the present attitude of the Union army in Pennsylvania. We have a sober man, a brave man, and an able man, at last, at the head of the Army of the Potomac (applause). We never had those [illegible] united there before. Mark me! I am speaking of the commander in the field, not the one at Washington, Halleck. But there is one green spot, one oasis, in the barrenness of Halleck's utter incapacity, and that green spot is, he hates McClellan (laughter and applause). I remember once being in the office of a neighbor of mine, a worthless but boring fellow came in and borrowed five dollars. I said to him—"What did you lend that fellow five dollars for? You know you will never get it again." "True," said he; "but then he might have asked for ten." So, when you think of the utter, unredeemed, unfathomable incapacity of Halleck, remember—we might have had McClellan! (Applause and laughter.) Put him out of the way. Let us hope that in due time the idea of his incapacity will penetrate even the mind of the President.

But of the army, this is to be said. The government was right, strange as it may seem, when it removed Gen. Hooker from an army encamped and marshaled in the face of the enemy. He lost Chancellorville battle for the same reason that we have lost so many battles—drink! Loving to fight, knowing how to fight, *cups* betrayed the banner of the Union on the other side of the Rappahannock; and when every one of his corps commanders, except Sickles, prayed him to stay and fling 90,000 men on the broken ranks of 49,000, the shaken nerves of the Commander-in-Chief refused to do that duty; and if any man asks you why the army of the Union, untouched, with Fredericksburg safe in its left hand, yielded those fortifications and retreated across the Rappahannock, tell him it was not rain, it was not the swollen floods of the river, it was not broken ranks, it was not disheartened Generals, for there was but one heart that failed, and that was the heart of Gen. Sickles, and there was but one brain that was wanting, and that was the brain of the Commander-in-Chief. The government did right in removing that unsound timber from the ship of state, even when the storm was beating upon her.

The government has given us instead the man whom every one of those corps commanders, except Sickles, wishes to have at the head of the army (applause); an untarnished soldier, with the full confidence of the ablest men about him; with a record without a blot; with capacity and a heart; and now, if he fought 500 miles from Washington instead of 50, I should have no doubt of his victory. But I have no doubt of the final victory of the arms of the Union, because, with ability at the head, with courage in the ranks, with necessity behind them, there is nothing left for the North but to be annihilated or to conquer. So much is my satisfaction with things in the camp. Though Banks's civil administration has been pro-slavery and a failure—he seems, if late accounts be true, as a soldier, to have outdone himself; Grant has done justice to his record; Rosecrans will move and conquer, as he always does, the moment Washington unties his hands (applause). No fear of the army; no fear, therefore, of Richmond.

Now, let us examine the other headquarters of the enemy, at Washington. Why do I say so, when there are so many cheering elements in the action of the government? I know these cheering elements as well as you do. Black troops in the field—thirty thousand black troops with the uniform of the Union, and under its flag, since we met here last year. Twenty years ago, the South endeavored to expel Adams from Congress, because they said he was giving color to an idea. He replied that he did not know what it meant. I will tell you: it meant putting negroes into the ranks, to defend the idea of liberty (applause). "Giving color to an idea!" (Laughter and applause.) Time has brought round its revenges; and what seemed to be an impossibility or nonsense, turns out to be a useful and necessary fact. At the same time, Washington, in my view, is the great obstacle to the success of the North, in its endeavor to restore the power of the Union. I will tell you why. To begin with that stereotyped phrase, "the honesty of the President." I do not believe that Abraham Lincoln *consciously* makes the preservation of the Union second to any other object; but I believe, at the same time, that, misled by his ambition—deluded by artful counsellors, the government at Washington to-day, instead of being a machine to carry on this war effectively, is nothing but a great national committee to manage the next Presidential election. The war is to be carried on, but the idea at Washington is to carry it on subordinate to the chances of certain parties in the next Presidential canvass. Now, I am not charging on the Republican leaders at Washington, Copperheadism. That rank and file which, when it says, "the Constitution as it was," means, in fact, "the *Institution* as it was,' is one thing; the mistaken one quarter honest and three-quarters wicked effort of the party at Washington is to save the Union, subordinate to certain selfish plans of their own. I linger on that statement, because I believe it constitutes the peril of the country. Hitherto we have had only delay and inefficiency. Now, some men say, "Every step of the President, however long delayed, has resulted in benefit to the anti-slavery cause.' I know it. When I look up and onward into the designs of Providence, I see as clearly as any man in this country or in Europe, how good it has been that government has been composed of the most obstinate and ignorant men in the country (applause). Let no man leave this grove, after listening to me, with any notion that I do not fully appreciate that element in our nation's history. Therefore, when President Lincoln told a Massachusetts Committee—I being one of them—the last week in January, "Gentlemen, I know that I am to lose 200,000 men before the 1st day of July; I know that when they go out of the ranks the Confederate will time his deadliest effort at that moment, and I mean before that time comes to put the 200,000 muskets which they drop into the hands of the negroes of the Southern States"; when he told us that, the last week in January, pledging himself to have the work finished in sixty days, and when the 4th day of July bursts upon us with no more than 30,000 black men in arms—half of them forced on a reluctant Administration; knowing well the good that this Pennsylvania raid is to do—that it will kill our three Copperheads for every Union and every Southern soldier that falls—knowing that, I still indict the government for criminal delay, as conservators of the Union, in allowing the last five months to pass thus unemployed. Now, another thing. When I know from authority almost as good—next door to as good as that of the lips of the President himself—that to Butler, to [illegible] to Phelps, this government has [illegible] employment, and been refused, [illegible] ow that it is neither the indolence [illegible] of these four men which keeps [illegible] of active employment, but it is [illegible] stematic purpose of the government so to shape the conditions of such offers, that they shall be inevitably refused. Again, in the light of such a fact, I indict the government of criminal inefficiency, surrounded by such ample and magnificent weapons which they are unwilling to use; recognizing, all the while, that they cannot be so slow, and they cannot be so inefficient, as finally to peril the national cause. This cause cannot fail, because God is on its side; it cannot fail, because brains are against brutes; and in the end justice and intellect must conquer. Events are so imperative and overwhelming, that even that Cabinet, inefficient as it is, cannot resist them. If you go to the cataract of Niagara, they will tel you that a heavy mass of iron, lodged on its surface, cannot sink. Niagara tosses it like a chip, and bears it onward. The Cabinet is unredeemed inefficiency—heavy as molten and doubly-hammered iron but in the Niagara of 1863 it is tossed upward like chip (prolonged applause). No thanks to it, but t the Niagara that will not be resisted! (Renewed applause.) But why do I call the government only committee to manage the next Presidential election I will tell you. I am going to read to you some passages from a little speech, by a little man, at a grea meeting, where nobody listened to him (laughter); an yet it is a great speech in its significance. The Blai family has no consequence of its own. It is th fungus growth of the "kitchen Cabinet" of Andrev Jackson (laughter), and its existence is that of parasites hanging on the stateliest trees of the forest, whic they poison. But, at the same time, this speech of th Postmaster is of great significance. It was prepare in the city of Washington, and elaborately written ou there. The manuscript was subjected to the criticis of others, and interlined in another ink by anothe hand, before the schoolboy speaker was allowed t leave with his lesson well conned in his pocket. Cabinet officer, he goes express to the capital of Ne Hampshire, makes his speech, and, without waiting t dine, expresses himself back to Washington, while i Concord he personally superintends its printing an mails slips to Boston and New York. No member of th Administration does all that—foregoing dinners to correct types—merely to make a speech. A great government does not allow its representatives to throw awa their time in that manner. The man—our Postmaste General—who last Spring approached Henry Wilso and wished to know of that most experienced wir puller in New England, whether it was yet time to pu Abraham Lincoln in nomination for another term—(A Voice—"That time will never come")—goes in the summer to Concord with his credentials in his pocket, an makes this speech. It has a significance as the actio of the government, as the programme of the future, a the great effort of the Administration to perpetuat its power. Now, I, for one, have no objection to th Presidency of Abraham Lincoln for four or eight year longer. I told him myself, and I believed it then and believe it now—I meant it then and I mean it now— that the man who would honestly put his right han to the plow of that proclamation and execute it, thi people would not allow to quit while that experiment was trying (applause.) Whoever starts the grea experiment of emancipation, and honestly devote his energies to making it a fact, deserves to hold th helm of the government until that experiment i finished. But this programme is a different one. Th meaning of this speech, of which I want to read to you a few extracts, is this. In the future, there are to b two candidates: Butler is to be one, something lik Seymour or McClellan is to be the other. Radicalism is one point, peace Democracy is the other. Republicanism, specifically, has sunk below any point that plummet ever sounded (applause); and in the future, a radical man and a peace Democrat are to bear up rival banners. This speech of the Postmaster-General is Abraham Lincoln's effort to run between the partie —a compromise candidate. Again, I have no objection to that—mark you! I have so sublime a contempt for the level of Washington offices that I am willing the very men who hold them shall hold them in perpetuity—themselves and their heirs and assigns for ever (laughter), provided that in those offices they will honestly do the work of the people and the age. But this speech is the bid of a hybrid politician, born betwixt the upper millstone of the North and the lower millstone of the South, pandering to the prejudices of hunkerism—the worst obstacles to the war, in order that he may continue to feed at the public crib. What is it? I will tell you. It is an attempt to evade the proclamation without saying so. It is a clumsy attempt to do what was adroitly done by Chief-Justice Taney, when he made the Dred Scott decision; an attempt to smother and crush the opinion of Attorney-General Bates—that a negro is a citizen. It is an attempt to foist the Dred Scott decision upon the proclamation of January 1. The tone of the speech is this: The negro is inferior to us. But we cannot conquer without him; and after that the country needs his labor. He must fight for us; he must work for us. When he has done it, there is no place for him in the country. He must fight to make the nation safe; he must work to make it rich. When he has done so, we kick him out of the States. After using his blood and toil, we must colonize the whole race, and we whites will enjoy, in solitary dignity, the wealth and the peace that the negroes' strength has helped us win. What an unutterably mean way to acquire title to a country! I know nothing like it, but the claim of the New Zealand chief, who said, "I have a clear title to this land, for I ate the former proprietor."

Says the Postmaster-General—after some talk of Calhoun, in which he does me the honor to mingle me up—"The negro will enlist in the war." Then he is to make the public works, canals from New Orleans to the five great lakes. When it is done—what? He is to furnish the halter, build the gallows, and then hang himself on it? He is to save the country, he is to enric the country, and then he is to *leave the country*. And who is it that asks this of him? Why, a race that Mr. Blair calls "the dominant and domineering race"—that is, the governing race. A governing race that cannot govern—a superior race that cannot fight—a brain race that cannot work—they ask the negro to fight, they ask the negro to work, proclaiming beforehand that there is no help for him, no place for him here. An English peer once accepted the offer of a plebeian's carriage to ride home on a rainy day. Stepping in and shutting the door after him, he looked out of the window and said, "But, pray, how will you get home, sir?" (Laughter.) This cabinet, driven to the wall, acknowledging that they have no help but in the black man's right hand, summoning the negro in the Carolinas and the Southwest to uphold the banner, sends its hybrid postmaster to tell the people of Concord that the Constitution is so framed that there is no place for the black man on the Continent. If that is a white man, God defend me from being white! (Loud applause.) Do you accept that representative of the race? ("No." "No.") And yet this is the President's bid for the next nomination! That is the bid which is to marshal behind him the Border States, half awake, understanding fifty per cent. of the 19th century, and for the rest dead and buried in the 16th. That is the bid for the peace Democrats, who want to get rid of the negro any way. That is the bid for the half-awake Republicans, who would be glad of any issue out of this strife. That is the bid.

Now, let me read you a letter. Remember, the Cabinet at Concord, in the month of June, 1863, says to the world: "We can't exist unless the black race fights for us: the country won't be rich unless it works for us." When the fighting and the working are over, this Cabinet, which cannot stand without black help, cannot stand on its own Continent, tumbles over in the attempt to kick its defenders off. Now, let me read you a letter; it was written by a man who left Boston a Hunker, and went down to the Southwest, to Port Hudson and Vicksburg. He writes to me, who never heard of him, and whom he never knew, because his heart wanted somebody to whom to pour out its fullness: "As an Abolitionist you never had my sympathy—I thought you rather overdid the thing. I came to this Department eminently 'Conservative.' Since I came I have travelled hundreds of miles, and can only say the truth has not been half told. A quire of paper would not hold all I have to tell you of the institution for which the Southern States are avowedly in arms to-day. I say avowedly. The thing resolves itself down very fine. We ask a captured rebel, 'What are you fighting for?' 'Our rights!' 'What are your rights?' 'Niggers!' When the advance was made on Port Hudson, a negro brigade was under the command of Gen. Dwight—a Boston man. He placed them in the most dangerous position on our whole line of attack. Before they went in it was an unsettled question whether the blacks would fight. Many thought they would not. That question is forever settled, and to-day, in the Department of the Gulf, there are no opponents to the enlistment of colored troops. No matter what the feeling once was, *the Northern soldiery are to-day proud of their colored allies.* There had once been much ill blood manifested on account of a colored regiment (1st Louisiana Native Guards) being managed by colored officers of the line. When the test came they silenced opposition by surpassing their white brethren in the almost recklessness of their bravery. The blacks have known the day of their redemption was coming—the Yankee name has been used to terrify them—but there was a deeper instinct which told them of coming freedom. Oh! thrust the truth down the throats of the weak ones of the North, that though they fail in sustaining the Union, there will be an army here which will uphold it, armed with Union muskets and a deep-seated faith in the justice of their cause and the power of God (prolonged cheering). There are half a million who support the Confederacy with the hoe; only open a door and that hoe will be a musket, and they will hold the rebellion by the throat. My dear sir, this war of God has hardly begun. Tell the North if they will not save the country the blacks will. I entreat you when you talk to Boston, remember the brave, educated Cailloux, who made boast of the blackest skin, falling with his face to the foe in advance of his company. Remember young Sergeant Plencencieo Anselmo, who hugged the stars and stripes to his heart as he fell, stanching the white stars and suffusing the stripes with his blood; and those six charges—where they were mowed down like grain—all for a country which has sinned against them so much. Thrill the whites with shame if you can." That is the black of the South-west; and this (holding up Blair's speech) is the huckstering politician of the Cabinet, who says there is no place on the Continent for such [prolonged cheering]. Gen. Butler said to me: "I had 4 000 blacks; they saved me New Orleans." And this Cabinet proposes to colonize them! Colonize them! You might as well, when the thief enters your front door, colonize your revolver (laughter). Colonize them! That Cabinet would have been fugitives to the Empire State of New York to-day, but for the blacks and the friends of the blacks who stand behind it. Now, what I want to say is this. Mr. Blair says the author of the Declaration of Independence and his associates declared equal rights impracticable in a society constituted of different races. It is a very grave charge I am about to make, but I say—remembering Judge Taney's bad law and false history in the Dred Scott case distinctly—that that sentence is the most stupendous lie of the century (applause). Let no man hereafter charge the Cabinet at Washington with want of courage. By the side of the man who made that statement Munchausen sinks into a tame and timid romancer (laughter and applause). Jefferson—the author of the Declaration of Independence—the greatest words he ever wrote were, that "all men are created equal." The greatest statute he ever drew was the Ordinance of 1787, which secured liberty to all races north-west of the Ohio. The greatest act of his life—long before colonization was dreamed of—was his effort to emancipate every slave in Virginia, and he persisted in it so long that they did not dare to hold a State Convention to revise the Constitution until after he was dead. That is the man who, Mr. Blair says, declared it to be impracticable for different races to live together on equal terms on the same continent! A few chance words of the desponding close of Jefferson's life are never to be measured against the consistent and continued action of his whole vigorous life. Mr. Blair's statement relates to Jefferson, the statesman—the head, for many years, of a great political party—President and Law Maker. All his action, as such, repudiates Mr. Blair's theory and assertion. But Mr. Blair says "the author of the Declaration and his associates." Who were his associates? The founders of the great States of Pennsylvania, New England, and New York, the mother States of the continent. Impracticable for races to live together! Why, in 1780, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania began a race, and since that every State born of their loins has joined in it, to make the blacks and the whites equal. No class among the founders of the Republic, during the Revolution or for thirty years after, gave heed to any such suicidal absurdity as colonization. No men of mark then denied the possibility of the two races living equally and peaceably together. Mr. Blair says, that if the war should cease, the white slaveholder of the Southern States would cut every black man's throat before he would associate with him. I will stake every dollar I own to-day that Alexander Stephens and Jefferson Davis would rather, ten thousand times, associate with Robert Small and Capt. Cailloux, than with a mongrel politician, content, according to his own showing, to owe Liberty and a Country to the vigor of the negroes—yet mean enough to plot to swindle them out of their share of the good things they have won (applause). The poor white trash of the Border States, however varnished into seeming and short-lived respectability by Federal office, can never climb so high in the opinion of the slaveholders as their own brave slaves—never. The West Indies prove that white slaveholders live in peace and on terms of social and civil equality with black slaves whom they have been compelled to free. European history for the last 400 years attests the same truth.

Now, friends, you may think it waste of powder to fire at nothing—the Postmaster-General. But no. Negrophobia is the worst enemy this Union faces to-day. When that man, I was going to say, in order to pander to his base prejudice against the black man, based his hopes of success on pulling that string, he aimed the most artful blow at the safety of the State. But to trace this speech to sincere prejudice against the blacks is giving it too dignified a motive. Ignorant as the Cabinet is, it is not so ignorant of the nineteenth century as not to know that the basis of that speech is false in history and false in philosophy, too. Prejudice against the negro is a high-minded and honorable motive compared with the motive that was father of that speech—a base pandering to a prejudice which he did not share, in order to secure himself four more years of office. That was the motive. Negrophobia is a cord which has great strength in the bosom of the country; let me dwell upon it a moment. It is foolish and useless in us to say, a trite truth though it be, that no man with the slightest claim to the name of statesman can ever utter here the word "colonization." That, no doubt, is true. But, it is not because they believe in it that these men mention it. It is because they know that in the unthinking masses they shall find a cord to work on to serve a base purpose. It is, therefore, to that mass that we should address comments on a speech like this. For this nation to dig down the Alleghanies and fill them up again would be a wise and thrifty use of means compared with colonizing four million of workmen. But that is not the whole truth either. There never was in the whole history of the world such a thing done as by peaceful and humane plan to remove a race with its own coöperation. Spain expelled the Moors after four centuries of battle. This brainless Cabinet cannot defend its own country without the help of the blacks; of course, therefore they are in no condition to prate of expelling them by battle. The Spanish precedent, therefore, does not serve. France expelled half a million of Huguenots by starvation, persecution and the gibbet. If this hybrid Cabinet wanted or dared to do that, they are not capable. England drove two million of Irish from the shelter of her flag by famine and cruel laws. This nation does not propose and if it were possible to propose such a plan, it could not execute it. The only method of colonization left is to devote the wealth of the nation to making itself bankrupt by using all its shipping to remove a race which, now four million strong, doubles in twenty-five years, and whose removal leaves fourteen States without a laboring class. A hungry man eating his own hands would be our type. What is the creed of Abraham Lincoln I cannot tell. Montgomery Blair is too well informed to believe in colonization. Honest colonizationists have been—but not since 1861 has there been any well-informed man so deluded among those whom the Probate Court lets walk our streets.

This speech, therefore, is not an honest expression of opinion, but it is a base pandering to the lowest tier of ignorance to defeat the very experiment that Providence is making to refine out in this furnace of war the hatred between races. Mr. Blair says, in a Munchausen which is second only in magnitude to that which I have read, that the Constitutions of these States are based on the idea of the country belonging to the white race. I defy him to show a line, or a word, or a syllable, or a comma, or a lie, even in the past, that asserts any such thing. This country has no value except as the home of all races. That is the idea underlying all our history. This speech says races can never lie down together. Why, the whole North, with nineteen million of tongues, says "False!" From the Atlantic to the Pacific, what are we? Irish and English, with their hands on each other's throats at home, serving under the same banner to-day. French and English, hating each other like wild beasts for 400 years, serving under the same banner to-day. Germans, Scotch, Welsh, French, Spaniard, Italian—hounds, hunting each other on the other side the water for 500 years—their children are at the same schools, worshipping at the same altars, fighting under the same flag, dying for the same idea, mingling their blood in the same channel. By what logic is it made out that the black race is an exception to the law which governs all others? The whole North cries out on the libeler of the Christianity and civilization of the nineteenth century, who calls himself a Republican, and talks of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" (prolonged and enthusiastic applause).

Now, I am going to say something that I know will make the New York *Herald* use its small capitals and notes of admiration (laughter), and yet, no well informed man this side of China, but believes it in the very core of his heart. That is, "amalgamation"—a word that the Northern apologist for slavery has always used so glibly, but which you never heard from a Southerner. Amalgamation! Remember this, the youngest of you: that on the 4th day of July, 1863, you heard a man say, that in the light of all history, in virtue of every page he ever read, he was an amalgamationist, to the utmost extent (applause). I have no hope for the future, as this country has no past, and Europe has no past, but in that sublime mingling of races, which is God's own method of civilizing and elevating the world (loud applause). Not that amalgamation of licentiousness, born of slavery—the ruin of both races—but that gradual and harmonizing union, in honorable marriage, which has mingled all other races, and from which springs the present phase of European and Northern civilization. When, therefore, Montgomery Blair, in his speech, libels the amalgamation of races, and slanders the founders of the Constitution, he does what every well informed man knows that he cannot be ignorant enough really to believe, and what every patriot knows was the basest work that a public man could do in this crisis of our national struggle. God, by the events of his Providence, is crushing out that hatred of race which has crippled this country until to-day. This speech is the effort of the Administration to float into office on a wicked prejudice—the nation's worst foe; and it aims to keep that prejudice alive in order to make base use of it. The debauched heir who kills his father the sooner to enjoy his estate, is a meek eyed and lofty saint compared with an Administration which calls on the negro to save it, and when saved and rich, instead of mercifully killing its benefactor, sends him to penniless and desert exile, while the "dominant and domineering" (God save the mark!) race riots on the spoils it had neither brains, industry nor courage to win. Know all men that this meanest of all ingrates was neither Northerner nor Southerner, but born in some nameless region with neither the honest virtues or decent faults of either. 1861 and 1862 saw this war lifted to the august level of a revolution; that speech sinks it to the deadly miasma of the level of politics. If it were possible for man to defeat God, in that speech is the poison. My warning, therefore, is this. Do not despair. An hundred Lincolns, a whole creation of Blairs, could not check the sublime sweep of Niagara, the certain triumph of liberty and justice on this continent. But, at the same time, remember this: the man who, sitting as President and speaking by the voice of his agent, appeals to that dangerous and fast-weakening prejudice, to loathsome ignorance, to all the worst enemies of the country, is not to be trusted as a leader. Gen. Butler said to me a fortnight ago—and this is the counterpart of loyalty to treason—Butler said to me, "I am no negro-lover, as you are, but before I ask a negro to fight for me, he shall have his rights!" (prolonged applause.) I acknowledge that is a white man, and this speech—the meanest kind of something else. If this is Republicanism, let us ardently pray God for the advent of Democracy. There can be nothing worse.

In this level of politics, there is no need of extra exertion. The Conways in England cannot hurt us; the rebels will listen to nothing except cannon balls; the politicians of the Cabinet cannot hurt us—they are only chips on the current of Niagara; the only damage is, that we should mistake them for leaders. Remember that the people rule. Remember that the people have a right to the truth. All you know, tell. Scatter the facts. Enable the people to govern, to checkmate the Cabinet. The next year is, I believe, to be the climax of this struggle. Not that we are to conquer yet; a longer battle than that is before us; but the next year is to decide whether this is to remain a revolution, gallantly fought out on the battle-field, or whether there shall be an effort made by the cowards and traitors of the North to drag it into the maelstrom of politics. There are men who would stretch traitor hands over two hundred thousand patriot graves and betray the present. Watch them! Not for the sake of personal defeat, but for the triumph of the idea. Judge Taney decreed that the negro had no place on this continent. Attorney-General Bates ground that doctrine to powder in his well-known Opinion. Lincoln repudiated it in the face of the world, when the nation's peril demanded the aid of all her sons. Hold him to it. His pledge has been sealed in the noble blood of hundreds of black heroes in the Carolinas and the Southwest. Judge Blair says that no enfranchised race can live on terms of equality in the same country with its old masters. False! The history of Europe for four centuries, and of the West Indies for 30 years, disproves it. The history of all the old States of the North and the tendency of all the new ones disprove it. Judge Blair says that our fathers intended this as the home of the white man. False! The avowals of every Northern and Southern Statesman prior to 1820 disprove it. The perfect result of the mother States of the North and the essential tendency of both the Federal government and the Western States cut the lie in halves, as the Sub-Treasury chisel does a counterfeit coin. Colonization is the remedy he proposes. No great race ever colonized its rival except by whipping it out of the territory. This government, staggering under the blows of an almost equal assailant, struggling for an existence which it confesses it must owe at last to the negro, is in no condition to imitate that example. If the evil, therefore, were real, whoever proposes colonization as a remedy is either ignorant or a cheat. The wickedness of the speech is, that the committee who wrote it believe neither in its philosophy nor its facts, but only pretend to, to serve a selfish end. The meanness of the speech is, that while the slave system we combat allowed the slave a share, though but a pittance, of the wealth he created, and a shelter, however wretched, under the government he built, this truck-and-dicker apostate proposes to use him till we be safe and rich, then turn him forth shelterless and without a penny. Rejoice Buchanan, Arnold and all Rebeldom, you did well in your little measure of wickedness; but your names grow white. This man, by his ingenious meanness—his littleness lost in the Cabinet he speaks for—has contrived to make our name even more disgusting to the world than you did!

THE ENLISTMENT OF NEGRO SOLDIERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

STIRRING APPEAL TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

HEADQUARTERS SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE }
ON COLORED ENLISTMENTS, }
1210 Chestnut street, June 27th. }

THE Supervisory Committee on Enlistments for Colored Regiments ask the coöperation of their fellow-citizens in an undertaking which they deem of the utmost importance to the successful prosecution of the war against rebellion.

Authority has been given by the War Department to recruit in Pennsylvania colored regiments for three years or the war. These troops, when raised, will be credited to the quota of Pennsylvania under the next draft. The government receives and musters them in at Camp William Penn, at Chelten Hills, and all previous expenses of recruitment, subsistence, and transportation must be provided by the public.

It will be seen that funds to a considerable extent will be required to prosecute successfully and energetically the enterprise which has been entrusted to us. Without bounties or extra allowances to the men, each regiment recruited in this vicinity will not cost less than ten thousand dollars. Yet, to accomplish all that we hope to do, we must look beyond the limits of our immediate neighborhood. In 1860 the male colored population of Pennsylvania was only 26,873, and if one in four of these is able to bear arms, we have for our field operations but six or seven thousand men, of whom four hundred have already, through our own negligence, been abstracted for the benefit of Massachusetts. Our field, therefore, should not be limited by the narrow boundaries of our own State, and this will necessarily entail increased expenditure. The Massachusetts regiments, obtained by a system of agencies extending from St. Louis to Philadelphia, cost about $25,000 each, exclusive of $50 bounty per man. The funds for this had, with a wise forethought, been appropriated by the State.

We must rely upon private liberality. The same machinery which was so successfully employed for Massachusetts is at our command, and the extent of our operations is only to be limited by the amount of funds placed at our disposal. If large, we can make this the centre of recruitment for the colored population of all the States where such enlistments are not permitted by the State authorities. Whether large or small, we need hardly say that the means entrusted to us will be applied with the utmost economy.

But it is not only pecuniary aid that we look for at your hands. Our labors can be materially assisted by your influence and sympathy. Whether encouraged or not, the events of the past fortnight have shown that there is sufficient spirit and patriotism in our colored population to insure a reasonable response to our invitation to enlist; but the extent of that response can be vastly increased by individual efforts, and by the appreciation which the community at large may manifest of the patriotic self-devotion of the negro to a country which has thus far given him but a step-mother's affection.

Six months since, had we appealed to you, we should have felt it necessary to argue the propriety and expediency of negro enlistments. That time, however, has passed. All thinking men have at last been convinced that the mortal struggle in which we are engaged requires us to use all the legitimate means within our power to crush a rebellion which else will crush us. It has been recognized that the severest blow which can be inflicted upon the slave oligarchy must come from the institution of slavery itself; and while we were thus turning upon the rebels the arms which they had been using against us, it would be folly longer to deny to the free colored men of the North the opportunity which they had so earnestly desired of offering themselves as a sacrifice, not only to their race, but for the country. Since volunteering can no longer fill the ranks of our armies, and recourse to conscription becomes necessary, unreasoning prejudice only can be blind to the fact that every colored recruit acts as an unpurchased substitute for a white man. If, forgetful of past experience in our two wars with England, many of us believed that the colored race could not face the white man in battle, the generous self-sacrifice of the noble spirits who fell at Port Hudson and Milliken's Bend has effectually dissipated the prejudice. If, too, we hesitated to place arms in the hands of a race degraded by centuries of servitude, lest their ungovernable fury should repay upon the innocent and unprotected the long arrears of wrong, the result has shown how baseless were those fears. We have seen that while the negro can exhibit unsurpassed courage on the field, he is thoroughly amenable to discipline, and that when properly trained and well officered, he may be implicitly relied on to observe the rules of honorable warfare.

The last objection has thus been removed, and no loyal citizen can hesitate to aid in every practicable mode a movement which must prove most efficient in quelling the rebellion. To all classes we, therefore, appeal, with full confidence that we shall receive for the undertaking the active support, both moral and pecuniary, of a community which has never yet failed in its response to every call made in the name and for the cause of the Union.

Contributions can be sent to the office of the Finance Committee, at Messrs. E. W. Clark & Co.'s, No. 35 South Third street.

Applications for positions in the regiment should be transmitted through Henry Samuel, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Executive Committee, at the headquarters, No. 1210 Chesnut street. Authority to recruit will be given by Major Stearns, No 1210 Chesnut street.

APPEAL TO COLORED MEN.

Men of Color! at length the opportunity is offered for which you have waited so long and so patiently. A gigantic contest, in which the interests of your race are so largely involved, threatens with destruction the land which for centuries has been your home. At the very commencement of the struggle you eagerly offered your services. They were rejected for reasons which, whether well or ill-founded, were all-powerful at the time. Those reasons exist no longer, and your country now invites you to arms in her defence.

Men of color! we speak to you of your country, of the land where God in his mysterious providence has placed you to work out His inscrutable purposes. Yet you have been strangers in a land of strangers, and it is now for you to decide whether that land shall be to you and your children more in the future than it has been in the past. We can make no promises, but we have an abiding faith that the Almighty has not visited us with tribulation in wrath, but in mercy; that you and we, thus tried in the fiery furnace, if true to ourselves and to Him, shall emerge purified and redeemed from the sins and the wrongs of the past.

Twice heretofore have you displayed your valor in defence of the Republic. In two wars with great Britain your strong arms aided to beat back the foe, and Washington and Jackson acknowledged the services which you so willingly rendered. You failed in your reward then; but circumstances now have changed, and a war in which slavery on one side is arrayed against freedom on the other, cannot leave you in your present condition, if only you show yourselves equal to the occasion. Old prejudice declared that you could not fight. Your brethren in Louisiana and Mississippi, though degraded by ages of servitude, have gloriously replied to that taunt. You who have long been free are now called upon to respond to them. Prejudice still sneeringly asserts that you will not leave your homes to fight for the flag of the white man. It is for you to repel that insult, and to show yourselves worthy to call that flag likewise your own.

It is true that, even as soldiers, with equality of hardship and danger, there is even yet inequality of reward. Your pay is not that of the white man, and you are offered no bounty by the government. This, rightly considered, should be to you a fresh incentive. If, a year ago, this was all that could be secured by your friends, at a time when colored enlistments had rather to be suggested than openly advocated, it is for you to dispel the remaining mists of prejudice, by showing, in your alacrity, that you are actuated, not by love of gain, but by the promptings of patriotism; that you are capable of noble ambition, and that no longer as a servile race but as the soldiers of a free Republic, your deeds may prove that the laborer is worthy of his hire. We feel authorized to assure you that the Administration and a powerful portion of Congress will, at the next session, use their influence to remove such discrimination as to pay, not only in the future, but to make up to you all arrearages. Another Port Hudson fight will carry Congress by storm. Meanwhile, our exertions shall be unremitting to raise funds, which, if they exceed what may be requisite for the necessary expenditures of enlistment and organization, shall be devoted to your benefit.

The world will look with interest upon the mighty experiment in which we are engaged, in which a down-trodden race is invited to prove its manhood. The nation is too deeply solicitous for the success of the experiment to neglect any means requisite for that success. You may, therefore, rely on the most careful forethought and attention. Your officers will be tried and experienced men, selected for the purpose by a special board of examiners, that you may not be carried into battle by incompetent leaders. Every opportunity will be afforded you that skill and science can suggest, and the destinies of your race will be left in your hands—to rise or to fall, as you may approve yourselves.

An opportunity which has no parallel in history is now before you. Shrink from it now, and you justify the taunts and sneers of your enemies and oppressors. Take advantage of it; show yourselves to be men and patriots; and a grateful country, watching the flags of your regiments emerging triumphantly from the smoke of battle, cannot refuse the applause which is the due of valor contending for the right.

THOMAS WEBSTER, Chairman.

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CAMP WILLIAM PENN.

THE "Supervisory Committee for recruiting colored regiments," desirous of promoting the moral welfare and intellectual improvement of those who may enlist under their direction, have appointed Messrs. B. P. Hunt and J. M. McKim to solicit and receive subscriptions for the erection on the camp-ground of a suitable meeting-house; this meeting-house to serve the purposes of a school-house, and to be provided with blackboards, books, maps, slates and other requisites of a place of moral and intellectual instruction. This is a commendable object, and one that should command the support of all right-minded people. Contributions—which are earnestly solicited—may be sent to Mr. Hunt and Mr. McKim, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth street.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

THE loyal people of the North, after long, weary months of doubt and disappointment, are exulting over two victories, more important, perhaps, than any previously won by our arms. The rebel horde that invaded Pennsylvania, under Gen. Lee, has been thoroughly beaten by the army of the Potomac, under Gen. Meade, and is now in full retreat; and Vicksburg, after one of the severest conflicts ever known, surrendered to Gen. Grant on the Fourth of July! The friends of liberty and free institutions are filled with rejoicing; the Copperheads, who toil and plot in the interest of the rebels and for the salvation of slavery, are discouraged and crest-fallen! As the news of the capture of Vicksburg sped on the wings of the lightning from city to city, and town to town, the joy of the people was unbounded. Salutes were fired, church bells were rung, and crowds, spontaneously gathered, were addressed in the language of patriotism and loyalty. In many places, on Tuesday evening, private and public buildings were illuminated; and it is probable that more extensive illuminations in the great cities will speedily follow.

For details of the news, we must, as usual, refer our readers to other channels of information, contenting ourselves with the briefest record of the most important facts.

The battle between the forces of Meade and those of Lee was fought in and around Gettysburg, commencing Wednesday, July 1, and ending Friday evening, July 3. The Fourth of July sun crowned the victory of the North, but revealed the unmeasured carnage of the battle-field. The two armies were nearly matched as to numbers, but the advantage in position was in our favor. The fighting was desperate and the loss heavy on both sides. The skill of Gen. Meade and of his commanders of corps, as well as the courage and endurance of the whole army, was put to the severest test, and proved equal to the emergency. The loss in officers and men on our side, both killed and wounded, is very large, but we have seen no estimate of its amount. Major-Gen. Reynolds was killed on the first day. The loss of the enemy is supposed to be still heavier; some of the rebel prisoners say it must be 30,000. We have taken 12,000 prisoners, not counting the rebel wounded, most of whom fell into our hands. The capture of army wagons and other property is very extensive.

The rebels, after their defeat, retreated toward the Potomac, the main body evidently intending to cross at Williamsport. It is hoped and believed that Meade's arrangements are such as to cut them off and capture them. The waters of the Potomac, increased by timely rain, make crossing difficult, and two pontoon bridges, which they had left at the stream when they advanced into Pennsylvania, have been captured. It is reported that there was a battle at Williamsport on Tuesday night, in which the rebels, who were attempting to cross the Potomac, were routed. Deserters and stragglers from the rebel army are constantly arriving in large numbers at Harrisburg, Carlisle and other places. On Monday 6 000 prisoners had arrived at Baltimore, and more were coming. Our cavalry is operating vigorously on the rebel flanks and rear, capturing large numbers of prisoners. Several hundred wagons loaded with plunder, obtained in Pennsylvania, have been captured by our forces, and the prospect is that much of their ammunition and supply trains will be secured.

The President announced the victory to the country on the Fourth in the following terms:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 4—10:30 a.m.

The President announces to the country that news from the Army of the Potomac, up to 10 p.m. of the 3d, is such as to cover that army with the highest honor; to promise a great success to the cause of the Union, and to claim the condoleance of all for the many gallant fallen; and that for this, he especially desires that on this day He, whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be everywhere remembered and reverenced with profoundest gratitude.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

Dispatches from Jeff. Davis to Lee were captured by our scouts. They are in substance a peremptory order for Lee to withdraw from Pennsylvania, and for his transportation to fall back to Hagerstown at once—the reasons assigned being that his position is too hazardous, and that the condition of Richmond is too defenceless to warrant his remaining in Pennsylvania longer.

Richmond was almost depleted of soldiers to swell Lee's army. The latest papers received from that city are full of boastful auguries respecting Lee's campaign, and of apprehensions of danger from an advance of Gen. Dix upon the rebel Capital by way of the Peninsula. It would not be surprising, indeed, if their worst fears should be realized in the capture of Richmond before even a remnant of Lee's force can reach it.

The militia of Pennsylvania have responded gallantly to the Governor's call. Already the full sixty thousand men are mustered in, and "still they come." Of these about thirty thousand have proceeded down the Cumberland Valley and formed a junction with our veteran Army of the Potomac, and the rest are in camps of rendezvous in Reading, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Lancaster and other places throughout the State.

From intercepted letters written by Jeff. Davis it is ascertained that there were recently but few rebel troops in North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia, they having been withdrawn to reënforce Gen. Johnston and other Generals of the so-called Southern Confederacy.

The news of the capture of Vicksburg was conveyed in the following dispatch:

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, }
Flagship Black Hawk, July 4, 1863. }

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, *Secretary of the Navy.*

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg has surrendered to the United States forces on this Fourth of July.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. D. PORTER, Acting Rear Admiral.

Almost simultaneously came the following:

CAIRO, Ill., Tuesday, July 7, 1863.

The dispatch boat has just arrived here from Vicksburg. She left at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. The passengers announce that Gen. Pemberton sent a flag of truce on the morning of the 4th of July, and offered to surrender if his men were allowed to march out. Gen. Grant is reported to have replied that no man should leave except as a prisoner of war. Gen. Pemberton then, after consultation with his commanders, unconditionally surrendered.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

NEGRO SHARP-SHOOTERS.

Young's Point, La., Saturday, June 27th, 1863.—The notion that colored men are unfitted by nature for the stern work of the warrior has been most effectually exploded in this army. I have noticed in our rifle-pits quite a number of colored sharp-shooters, the most of whom went there out of love for the excitement of the work, and have proved themselves in no respect inferior to many men of lighter complexion. Yesterday morning, I was particularly struck with the demeanor of a black man in one of the labyrinthian range of pits in front of Gen. Blair's Division. He seemed so thoroughly to enjoy his occupation, and so full of enthusiasm and excitement, that I was led to inquire of him what motive he had for working there as a sharp-shooter. He replied by asking me if I would not delight in an opportunity to shoot at the men who had sworn to give me and my race no quarter when I should be vanquished in a fair fight. This is but one of many instances I have noticed in which the supposition that the rebels are waging a war of extermination against the blacks who seek the Union camps has stirred within the breasts of the blacks themselves a rancor which will make them much more formidable than they would otherwise be. Men who look upon capture as equivalent to death, will seldom be taken alive.—*Tribune.*

NEGRO VALOR AT PORT HUDSON.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

New Orleans, June 30.—The accession of the negro troops at Port Hudson is a perfect God-send. The sun which melts our Northern boys, they endure remarkably. And another point to their credit: they do most of the work in the trenches—not that it is the desire of the General to use them at any lower employ than our white troops, for these work there too, but it is because they endure it better, and especially the heat.

The whole of Gen. Ullmann's corps are at the front. These men have never yet had time to drill. They work with their picks, their spades and shovels, by night, by day, close up, at times in sight of the rebels. This they endure nobly, and without a murmur. For three weeks steady have I seen Col. James C. Clark's 2d Regiment marched every night to labor till morning on the works. I never heard a growl from any of them. They march off steadily, willingly, and with an air so determined that one could readily comprehend the purposes which animated them. A night in the trenches affords some incidents of the most instructive and amusing kind. One says: "Guess I likes to tro up dis ere dirt, for I spect my old massa is in dat ar place, and dis dirt is sure to make a fort what will help me see massa a dead cause on it." Another says: "Wonder if dem rebs knows what wese a dwine here. Reckon dey knows we isn't a hoin in de cane-brake; dey all finds out what wese all a dwine fore long I reckon." Thus, willing and happy, are these men in the hardest and most dangerous of labors.

The main portion of the digging is thus done by the very race whom some of the States to be most benefited by the opening of the river have passed laws to exterminate! I trust so great injustice and ingratitude may be blotted out as things mean enough, vile enough, to be expected only in devils. The colored people of New Orleans are now in considerable glee. For once, they say, they have [illegible] ground to stand upon. Several large mass meetings have lately been held by them for the purpose of encouraging enlistments. Gen. Ullman, acting under direct authority of the War Department, has issued an order relating to the status of the men of color who enlist in the service of the United States. The contents of the order the blacks have stored up in their souls. It has made them wild with joy. We could have to-day an army of fifty thousand black men who would have taken Port Hudson a month ago, had such a noble, such a just, such a sensible document been given long ago to the colored people of this department. They have waited in patience till finally it has come. Thousands of colored men have said, "You ask me to enlist. If I do what will become of my family? They are poor; and are we to be slaves again as in Jackson's day?" Here are strong questions, and till now they could not well be answered. There is no provision made to-day for the proper supply of these families; whereas it was the simplest thing in God's world to furnish rations, and if needs be, make certain deductions from the pay of the soldier for the benefit of his family. I believe Gen. Ullmann has his heart and his hand at this plow, and he will not look back till justice is done to these people, and proper facilities furnished them to enlist and help fight the battles of the republic.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

PORT HUDSON, June 23.

This mail will take you Gen. Banks's official report of the engagement of the 27th. I hope your Copperheads will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what is there said of the colored regiments. Whatever work your Northern revolutionists may hereafter carve out for loyal white men in defence of their own Northern homes, thank God, we are no longer in doubt now as to where armies are to come from to save us in the South, even if the "Peace party" had the power to clog the wheels of government by impeding conscription. Let the authorities wield the power they hold—push on the organization of the colored regiments—and believe me we shall soon have an army of 250,000 of as good and dauntless soldiers as ever shouldered muskets in defence of a righteous cause.

COLORED TROOPS IN KENTUCKY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 17, 1863.

All the "contrabands" have been turned out of jail here. Their history reveals deep measures of wickedness on the part of a portion of the people. Last Fall, when Buell's army was here, hundreds of ex-slaves came with it, and were picked up by the police and thrown into jail. According to Kentucky law they could not be sold until they had been in prison eight months, but the jail being full they were sent to jails in different parts of the State. To meet the emergency the Legislature last Winter changed the term of imprisonment from eight months to 30 days before sales could take place, thus profiting the State at the expense of other States.

While in prison more than a hundred of the poor creatures died. The water they had to drink was so filthy that it become their poison. Many of the survivors were sold out, and went abroad to tell their story of sufferings, and it had its effect. The military authorities took the matter up. They cleaned the jail of the poor ex-slaves, and liberated many that had been sold. The friends of liberty have exerted themselves on their behalf. They proceed as follows: After finding the "contraband," and taking down his story, four soldiers are sent, with fixed bayonets, to bring him to camp. The claimant can follow if he chooses and have a fair trial. If from another State the "contraband" is released.

We set them to work on our fortifications. Most of them are willing to do anything for us we ask. They work faithfully ten hours a day, and do more digging than a much greater number of our white boys. They also want to fight, and are quite willing to enlist for three years. They say: "Life is nothing to us unless we can have our freedom, and to go North for our own safety while needed here, we can't think of it." They talk with great enthusiasm about fighting their way to their families in the South.

I have 20 now that I drill once a day. They are very apt, and in shooting at a target even beat some of the white soldiers. Three months ago, many of our soldiers here said they would not fight with a negro, but on our getting word the other day that the rebels were about to attack us, a team was dispatched for guns for our 20 "contrabands," who took their places by the side of our white boys, who felt glad that they could avail themselves of their aid.

MASSACRE OF CONTRABANDS AT BRASHEAR CITY.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, June 30.

I regret that I have to come to you with a record of cruelties, the like of which challenges history for a comparison. A week ago, Brashear City was surprised and captured, with all the troops, numbering about 1,000 men, including nearly all the Ironsides regiment. Major Morgan, three or four officers, and about 150 men, being absent from the regiment at the time, are the only ones who are free. Before I come to my story of cruelties, I express what is every day being repeated by all hands, that the surprise was the most disgraceful and inexcusable of almost any in the history of the war.

Now, my story: From two men who escaped, and from rebel sympathizers in the city, I learn that the great contraband camp near Brashear City was dashed upon by the furious Texans. When in the camp, a few weeks previously I found there as many as 6,000 old men, women and children. Of these, 2,000 or 3,000 were removed [illegible]. Those who remained were butchered by the Texan cavalry in the most shocking manner. The cry of the sucking babe, the prayer of the good Christian, the shriek of the mother, had no effect. The slaughter was terrible. I thought the massacre at St. Martinsville, where 500 men were found on mules, striving to reach Gen. Banks's army, and were surrounded, captured, and all burned—I thought that, of a month ago, was bad enough; but this eclipses it completely.

One incident about a few black soldiers at the surprise at Brashear. Capt. Allen, one of Gen. Ullmann's recruiting officers, had about [illegible], with a couple of recruiting sergeants. They were all armed and on board a car, waiting patiently to start for New Orleans in a few moments. The attack was made. The Captain was not surprised. He and his men made a breastwork of the car, and there they fought the rebels alone, *till nearly every one died.* Those who survived were instantly slain by the ruffians who hungered for their blood as a lion for his prey. Why or how the Captain survived is a mystery. When, oh when, shall the nation rise to a comprehension of the atrocious character of the wretches who thus, in the face of Heaven and earth, and in the boasted light of this nineteenth century, perpetrate these atrocities within our borders? God enable all our loyal men and women to discard, despise, and disown any who talk of "peace" with such wretches.

ERECTING A BATTERY.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* gives an account of the erection of an immense battery at Port Hudson, called the Citadel, and mounting two 9-inch navy guns, three 24-pounders, two 30-pound Parrotts, three 20-pound Parrotts, two 8-inch howitzers, and six Napoleon guns. In the erection were employed six companies of Col. J. Hodge's Louisiana engineers (first engineers of the *Corps d'Afrique*), under Maj. G. D. Robinson, and two regiments of Ullman's brigade, making about 1,400 negroes in all. These worked night and day continually—two parties of 700 men relieving each other at intervals.

BLACK SOLDIERS MURDERED BY GUERILLAS.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, speaking of the guerillas of Louisiana, says: "A teamster who was among those that were captured with some of our wagons on the Jackson road, on the night of the 20th, and afterward made his escape, declares that the rebels put to death every teamster and *every other black man found in United States uniform.* Can it be the policy of the government to allow these horrors to continue, against all laws of civilized warfare? or are we, in common justice, to see a traitor's life sacrificed for that of each black *soldier* of the United States needlessly and mercilessly put to death?"

BLACK BRAVES AND WHITE COWARDS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 27.

Many white folks are so jealous about admitting colored men to the ordinary rights of manhood, that it is refreshing now and then to bring forward some instance by which such prejudices can be nailed. Here is one that ought to teach your proud "Caucasians" a little modesty and justice:

Joseph G. Parker was formerly Second Lieutenant of Company C, Third Louisiana Regiment (colored), and Joseph Howard, First Lieutenant, Company I, of the same regiment, both men of color. When the order was promulgated for having no more colored line officers for any colored regiments, these men found themselves the object of so much obloquy and abuse among many of our white troops at Baton Rouge—although the superiors in manners and mental accomplishments to five-sixths of their revilers—that they were forced not only to quit the regiment, but to return to New Orleans.

They were there, free from all duty, when, hearing of the gallant deeds of their colored brethren in arms on the eventful 27th of May, they at once determined to come to Port Hudson, and enlist as *privates* in their old regiment. This they did at their expense. On arriving at Port Hudson, however, and joining their old regiment—still in position close to the enemy's works—they were immediately assigned the command of three companies, not from any compliment, but sheer necessity—the *white officers having skedaddled.*

On the 20th inst. Lieuts. Parker and Howard were put to the test with their men. They charged upon the enemy's rifle-pits—drove them out and took possession—killing three and wounding several of the rebels. They held these pits for over an hour, but the enemy having opened upon them a raking fire of artillery, they were ultimately forced to retire, losing only one man killed. Your readers are left to draw their own conclusions. All I beg is, to let us have no more humbug about negroes not fighting.

A NEGRO SOLDIER WHO SPEAKS FIVE LANGUAGES.

One Nicholas Saib, a Sergeant in the 55th Massachusetts Volunteers, has a curious and romantic history, which the Boston *Transcript* thus records:

He is an intelligent-looking negro, perfectly black, modest and gentlemanly in his bearing, and remarkable alike for his experiences and culture. As we understood his story, as he told it in a brief interview, he [illegible] Africa, born in the neighborhood [illegible] some way he was inveigled into slavery to a party of Arabs, and found his way first to Egypt, and from thence to Turkey. After awhile he reached St. Petersburg, was converted to Christianity, and baptized as a member of the Greek Church, dropping the name of Mohammed and taking that of Nicholas. He is now a Protestant, he says emphatically. From St. Petersburg he went to Germany, and entered the service of a "Hollander," with whom he came to this country, and settled in Detroit. He enlisted "because all his folks seemed to be doing so."

Saib speaks five languages, and can read and write three or four of them. His French is quite Parisian, and his Italian correct. He gives an entertaining description of his native region, the employment of its inhabitants, and their manners and customs. They are generally Mohammedans. Were it not for his color and position, Saib would pass anywhere for a person of no small acquisitions. As it is, no one can see or talk with him without being most favorably impressed with his deportment and intelligence. He is one, but not the only one of the "persons of African descent" in camp at Readville, whose acquisitions and behavior go far to dispel ignorant and vulgar prejudices against the colored race.

THE PAY OF COLORED SOLDIERS.

The War Department having decided that the law allows but $10 a month to colored soldiers, the Governor of Ohio has issued an appeal to the people of that State for contributions to make up for the deficiency. He says:

"The friends of the policy of raising colored regiments have already made an appeal to the people of Ohio for voluntary contributions for the support of the families of colored men who may volunteer. The decision of the War Department renders it necessary to raise an additional sum, if the colored soldiers should have the same pay as the white. Upon this point, it is hoped there will be no difference of opinion. The colored soldier fills the place of a white man; his risks are as great, if not greater. He is credited to the State upon its quota, thus reducing the draft upon white men. He has proved himself to be a good soldier. Put him then upon an equality so far as dollars and cents are concerned."

Ex-Gov. Dennison and others have been appointed to disburse the money collected under this call.

Summary.

Rev. T. Starr King thus addresses the California farmers: "Subdue the lust for immense ranches. If you have fifty acres, and burn to have fifty more, annex the fifty that lie beneath those you now own, and gain your title by a subsoil plow. Own deep thus by agriculture, not wide by scratchiculture."

A NEW ANAGRAM.—A learned correspondent writes: "Have you never found great significancy in ANAGRAMS? I have not only been amused but amazed at results. One occurs to me just now. The President required the South to submit. The rebel region refused, and the edict went forth in all its disastrous threatenings. That part of the country is likely to be a desert. Think of this Anagram:

"'President Abraham Lincoln.
Then, barren lands I proclaim.'"

—*Independent.*

SPICY RESOLVE OF MISSOURI SOLDIERS.—At a recent meeting of officers and soldiers of the Second Provisional Regiment of East Missouri Militia, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That we adopt the following as our platform as regards rebeldom: Emancipation with deportation; sequestration without litigation; condemnation without mitigation; extermination without procrastination; confiscation without botheration, and damnation without reservation or any hesitation, as the means of bringing a speedy termination to the Southern Confederation."

AN ARBITRARY ARREST.—When a large body of the prisoners taken in Mississippi by Gen. Grant, were sent East to be exchanged, the guard having them in charge were, at several points, annoyed by butternuts, who were quite demonstrative in expressing their sympathy for the unfortunate Southern brethren. At Pittsburg a squad of the sympathizers made themselves particularly offensive. They agreed with the secesh as to the character of the war, and as to the objects for which it was being prosecuted by the United States government. They declared it was an "abolition war"—"got up to free niggers,"—"unconstitutional and unholy," etc., etc., and taunted the blue-jackets with observations that they were "fighting for the nigger." The blue-jackets became deeply incensed, and suddenly pushed into the butternuts, hustled four of them into the cars at the point of the bayonet, and took them along, treating with derision their vehement protestations that they were good citizens of Pennsylvania, and had never belonged to the Confederate army. Vain were the appeals of the Pittsburg captives. They were told they need not try that old dodge. It was played out. And they were actually put into Fort Delaware along with their Southern brethren; and our informant says they were still in that sympathetic company when he left. As their names were not on the roll of prisoners, we suppose they may be able to obtain their discharge and avoid transportation South in the process of exchanging prisoners, and impressment into the rebel army. Taking it all in all, this is probably the heaviest case of practical joke of the war.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A public meeting of the Women's Loyal National League will be held at their room, No. 20 Cooper Institute, on Friday, 10th inst., at 3 p.m.

By order of SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Sec'y.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SUNSET ON EDISTO BEACH, S. C.

The sunset colors glowed and flamed
Across the gray clouds of the sky,
The stars shone softly through the haze,
As loving eyes on those who die.

There lay a small cloud in the east,
And through its foldings, dark and deep,
The quivering lightnings came and went,
Scarce knowing when to wake or sleep:

Then sprang, as swords spring from the sheath,
Keen-edged from out the shadow's [illegible],
And flashed across the startled isle,
With glory, battle-like and grim.

The ocean broke upon the land
With all its wealth of wave and foam,
The dark wing of the cormorant
Was hasting to his distant home.

Such eves, with cloud and light and [illegible],
May oft have smiled upon this shore
When house, and garden, hall and beach,
With joy and mirth were running o'er.

When light steps trod the crowded beach,
And children played with foam and shell,
Where now, across the lonely sand,
Paces the wary sentinel.

The little dark cloud in their sky
Of sin and wrong, they would not see,
Till justice sent the gathered storm
To consummate its destiny—

To break like whirlwind; and like chaff
It swept them from their place away,
Leaving their desolated homes
To strangers' feet and strangers' sway.

This is not vengeance. 'Tis but law,
At once unchangeable and right,
That he who sows the seeds of storm
Must reap the whirlwind's stayless might;

That he who sins must suffer loss,
Who shuts his eyes must go astray,
And he who contradicts God's "Yes,"
Must meet the Judge's changeless "Nay."

E. Murray.

GOING TO A WEDDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

St. Helena Island, May 27.

I came here last July on the mission of acting an humble part in elevating the "contrabands," those who had all their lives been owned, sold and brutalized as chattels; who had been totally denied the privileges of education, and all the proceeds of whose labor had been always pocketed by their masters. I assumed the pastoral care, by the request of Brig.-Gen. R. Saxton, of the Baptist Church on St. Helena Island, a few miles distant from Beaufort, which Church then numbered some 600 members, but which has been increased during my labors nearly 300. Every member of the Church was once a slave, but now free. Formerly there were several white slaveholders connected with the Church, but they "skedaddled" at the approach of the Union army, at the commencement of the war, leaving not behind a "copperhead" or pro-slaveryite in the sacred ranks. The Church is now what I fear cannot be said of any Northern Church, entirely and practically anti-slavery!

The contrabands are a religious people, with some faults, it is true, for which a due allowance should be made when we consider their education as slaves. Slavery educates a person into thefts, brutality, licentiousness; yet, there lingers in the bosoms of all a reverence for the great Supreme. It requires patient perseverance and constant teaching to impress upon them the enormity of those evils, which their education naturally led them to practice. For instance, take the marriage relation. There was no marriage law for the slave. When a slave wanted a companion he would make an arrangement with a slave girl whom he fancied, and perhaps by consent from the master, commence living together as man and wife, entering into no covenant, taking no vows, assuming no obligations or responsibilities. If, in the course of a few weeks or months, they get into a quarrel, the [illegible] and so on [illegible] would puzz[illegible] which" in t[illegible] husbands [illegible] known that [illegible] slave wome[illegible] the evils we are endeavoring to remedy. It is vain to attempt to elevate a community or race, unless a wholesome marriage law is laid at the foundation. Brig.-Gen. Saxton, as Millitary Governor of South Carolina, issued an order that all colored people, who lived or intended to live together as partners, must be married by a regular minister of the gospel, and all found living in a state of concubinage would be liable to arrest and imprisonment. In carrying out this order, I have married about sixty couples, most of whom came forward voluntarily. We must bring the minds of the mass to a point to feel that it is a disgrace to live together unmarried, and the greatest difficulty is obviated, for they are as sensitive to honor or disgrace when they understand it, as any one.

To show you that I have been in earnest in this marrying business, I will give you a little bit of my experience on one occasion. On one Saturday afternoon, a message came to my quarters requesting me to attend a wedding some eight miles distant. About six o'clock I jumped into my "sulky," and drove off. The shades of night soon overtook me; it began to rain, and worse than all, my horse gave out; he would not take me another step; it was in the midst of an almost interminable pine barren, dark as Egypt, and I knew not the road. I hitched my horse to a pine tree, and felt my way along the road, in the meantime opening a very large jack-knife to stab any wild beast or secesh, which I feared might come across my path. I found a road leading to the right; this I pursued about two miles until I came to an opening, where I tried my vocal organs to see if there were any human beings near. No answer was given, but the echo from the distant pines. I retraced my steps through the dark wood till I came to the main road again. I travelled on till I came to another right hand road. This I pursued for three miles in the heavy rain. Oh, thought I, who else would be such a fool as to sacrifice so much for an object so simple? I had on my Sunday rig, which was all wet through. Finally I saw a light in the distance; I thought then there was hope. I wondered if there was where the wedding was. I drew near and found it to be a negro cabin, where the people on the large plantation had assembled for "praise." I inquired "who lives here?" A large colored man thrust his head out of the cabin door, and answered—"Gabriel, sir." I was glad to know that, after I had travelled such a thorny road, I had arrived at Gabriel's. "Is the wedding here to-night?" inquired I. "No, massa, two miles yonder. I will go wid you and show you." We started off and soon arrived where the wedding was to be. There was a large house, formerly occupied by the farmer owner, but now by colored families. The large piazza was filled with people, anxiously waiting to see the first wedding come off that had occurred in that neighborhood. I was shown up stairs, and soon fell back in a big old arm-chair, exhausted, hungry, wet. Soon an old colored man and woman came into the room with a bowl of coffee sweetened with molasses, and a loaf of bread, which I soon disposed of without complaining. After chatting a few moments, a messenger came up stairs in haste, saying, "Wedding is ready, sir!" I went down, or rather tumbled down the dark stairway, and felt my way into a large room, where a large company were assembled, and where "Amy" and "Sancho," the bride and bridegroom, were standing side by side, she dressed in white, he in a black suit. After addressing them a few words upon the importance and sacredness of the marriage relation, the following colloquy took place: "Do you, Sancho, promise to take Amy to be your true and lawful wife?" "Jes so, massa!" "Will you love and cherish her till death?" "Jes so, massa, and furder too!" "Amy, do you promise to take Sancho to be your true and lawful husband?" She turned her head way one side, stuffed her white handkerchief into her mouth, and innocently replied, "Yes, massa!" "Will you love and cherish him till death?" "Yes, massa!" Prayer was offered, and as the people are passionately fond of singing, I suggested that some one sing. An old man with a trembling voice struck up these words,

"Lord in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high," etc.

I went back after wedding was over to see if I could find my poor old horse; about daylight I arrived where I left him, and still found him tied to that old pine tree. I rode on to church, preached, and then went home and retired to rest, feeling very "blue," and praying for the time to come when I could have a good horse to go to weddings with, and the people be able to present a marriage fee for the parson's wife. But enough of this.

When any one among the contrabands is under conviction for sin, it is called "the lonesome valley." For two or three months they are secluded, dejected and unsocial. This will explain the song which they sometimes sing:

"Brudder Sancho, do you want to get religion?
Go down in de lonesome valley.
Sister Sarah, do you want to get religion?
Go down in de lonesome valley,
Go down in de lonesome valley,
Oh go down in de lonesome valley,
And meet my Jesus dere;
Drink on milk and honey,
And meet my Jesus dere."

After they are baptized, they put on more cheerful apparel, and seem to have met with a change for the better. Another song goes something like this, which they sing in their plantation praise meetings:

"I take my text in Matthew,
And end in Revelation.
I know you by your garmen',
There's a meeting here to-night,
There's a meeting here to-night,
There's a meeting here to-night,
I know you by your garmen,'
There's a meeting here to-night."

I might mention others, but you need to hear them sing, in order to feel their power. No more this time.

Yours, truly, Rev. W. S. Phillips.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY ELIZA SPROAT RANDOLPH.

A common spring of water, sudden welling,
Unheralded, from some unseen impelling,
Unrecognized, began his life alone.
A rare and haughty vine looked down above him,
Unclasped her climbing glory, stooped to love him,
And wreathed herself about his curb of stone.

Ah, happy fount! content in upward smiling,
To feel no life but in her fond beguiling,
To see no world but through her vale of green!
And happy vine! secure, in downward gazing,
To find one theme his heart forever praising—
The crystal cup a throne, and she the queen!

I speak. I grew about him, ever dearer;
The water rose to meet me, ever nearer;
The water passed one day this curb of stone.
Was it a weak escape from righteous boundings,
Or yet a righteous scorn of false surroundings?
I only know I live my life alone!

Alone? The smiling fountain seems to chide me—
The constant fountain, rooted still beside me,
And speaking wistful words I toil to hear:
Ah, how alone! The mystic words confound me;
And still the awakened fountain yearns beyond me,
Streaming to some unknown I may not near.

"Oh, list," he cries, "the wondrous voices calling!
I hear a hundred streams in silver falling;
I feel the far-off pulses of the sea.
Oh, come!" Then all my length beside him faring,
I strive and strain for growth, and soon, despairing,
I pause and wonder where the wrong can be.

Were we not equal? Nay, I stooped from climbing,
To his obscure, to list the golden chiming,
So low to all the world, so plain to me.
Now, 'twere some broad fair streamlet, onward tending,
Should mats with him, and both, serenely blending,
Move in a grand accordance to the sea.

I tend not so; I hear no voices calling;
I have no care for rivers silver falling;
I hate the far-off sea that wrought my pain.
Oh, for some spell of change, my life new-aiming!
Or, best, by spells his too much life reclaiming,
Hold all within the fountain-curb again.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.*

From The Commonwealth.

Miss Cobbe's career as a writer has been similar to that of England's best thinkers. Beginning with next to no audience in her own country, she has first secured a hearing in America, and by means of this reflected fame and the steady force of her talent she has at last become celebrated in England, and now not only writes for the magazines and journals with many readers, but prints new books, and reprints her old ones. The very last number of *Fraser* contains a paper by her on Jerusalem, which is part of a manuscript of her travels in Judea, that in 1859 sought in vain for a publisher in England, then came to Boston and was rejected by *The Atlantic* and by other publishers; finally going back to England, its merits have been recognized, and it is given to the world.

Miss Cobbe's first volume was printed in London in 1854, a thin octavo, entitled "An Essay on Intuitive Morals. Part I. Theory of Morals." It attracted scarcely any notice in England, but in this country was received by Theodore Parker, and other watchful thinkers, as a book of great value. Through Mr. Parker's influence it was reprinted here by Crosby and Nichols in 1859, and the American edition was noticed with great praise in *The Atlantic, The North American Review* and other leading magazines. But even here the sale [illegible] " to deter the publishers from reprinting [illegible] d appeared in England in [illegible] nderstand, exists in manu[illegible] be printed at present, the [illegible] works of philanthropy, [illegible] pressing than the complet[illegible] ry enterprise. Thus much about the books of Miss Cobbe.

A word or two about herself, since the interest felt in her writings already justifies some personal details. She is the daughter of an Irish gentleman, is of middle age, and has always devoted herself much to study. In her father's country house at Newbridge, she made herself familiar with the great metaphysicians and moralists, ancient and modern, and as she read, found herself more and more drawn away from the belief of those about her. The Church of England, and the morality of Paley, Bentham and Mill, seemed to her no answer to the questions of her studious spirit. In the metaphysics of Kant, and the theology of Newman and Parker, she found what was more congenial. It does not appear that her studies were influenced by any person wandering like herself from the English fold; she seems rather to have been alone in her doubts and their solution. Before the publication of her first book, however, she had put herself in correspondence with Parker, and she gratefully confesses, in several passages, how much she owes to him.

After the death of her father, she travelled for a year or two, visiting the countries of Europe, and also Egypt and Judea. Returning to England in 1858, she soon became engaged with Miss Carpenter of Bristol in the noble charities which that lady has done so much to establish. While engaged in these labors, the best commentary possible on her theories of moral and religious duty, she printed several pamphlets; on the "Destitute Incurables," on "The Sick in Workhouses," on "Friendless Girls"; and it was here that she made the studies for her "Workhouse Sketches," in the present volume. In 1860 she was in Italy, and in Florence stood by the death-bed and grave of her great American friend, whose works she has undertaken to edit in England. She again visited Italy last year, and one result of her observations is seen in the essay in this volume, on "Women in Italy in 1862"; a paper almost unique in its close portraiture of Italian domestic life. Early in the present year, she wrote the reply to Mrs. Stowe's "Rejoinder," which we published in *The Commonwealth* at the time, and she has lately printed the tract named at the foot of this notice, and of which our corresponding editor has spoken.

These "Essays" are seven in number, and are chiefly reprints from *Fraser* and *Macmillan*. They are marked by great breadth rather than striking originality of thought; they abound with keen observation, deep insight and hearty good will to humanity. Here is nothing querulous or morbid—none of the passion of Aurora Leigh, no French panaceas for human woes, but steady, earnest, honest lifting at the burdens of the world. The style is for the most part plain, and somewhat deficient in liveliness, especially when abstract questions are dealt with. A little more imagination, a touch of humor, would improve it, but it is thoroughly English, even in its defects.

But far above any literary excellences or defects in these writings is their great moral value. They are the utterances of a warm-hearted, wide-reaching sympathy with all that is best in human nature. Whatever may be thought of the theory of morals which Miss Cobbe has promulgated, none can deny that it can only spring from a generous soul, and that she herself has faithfully illustrated it by her life. This weight of character it is, no doubt, that is securing her recognition among the leaders of English thought, and it is this which gives her books their chief charm.

Of the Essays in this volume, so handsomely printed by Miss Faithfull, we give the preference to those which are descriptive above the rest. As the London *Spectator* well said, Miss Cobbe relates better than she philosophizes, because she has not that clear logical method which supersedes illustration, nor yet that richness of illustration which abstract principles need to make them felt by ordinary minds.

We trust the book will be reprinted, and with it the other works of Miss Cobbe, or at least, such as are of general interest. She has already found numerous friends among us, and only needs to be better known to extend the circle of her admirers.

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* "Essays on the Pursuits of Women." By Frances Power Cobbe. Pp. 239. "The Red Flag in John Bull's Eyes." By Frances Power Cobbe. London: Emily Faithfull.

A Wonderful Clock.—A good compliment was paid to the electro-magnetic watch-clock by a distinguished scientific gentleman—one of that party that accompanied Gen. McClellan, when he visited the Pacific Mills at Lawrence. One of these clocks in that establishment records the duty of four separate watchers, or men who perambulate about 16 acres of flooring and all outside premises; the record shows the position of every watchman at every moment during the night, and the length of time which was occupied in going from room to room. One of the record-dials was under examination, which showed that at a certain time, and a certain part of the mills, on a previous night, one of the men had suffered a long time to elapse between his visit to one room and the next. When the man was told in the morning just when and where he had been derelict of duty, he confessed that he had then and there fallen asleep. "Ah," said the man of science referred to, "this invention should not be called a clock, but a 'mechanical conscience.'"—*Boston Daily Adv.*

A QUAKER IN THE ALDIE FIGHT.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

Washington, June 29, 1863.

The company in which Gen. Kilpatrick was engaging the rebels at Aldie was overborne by their superior mass, and he was left a prisoner in their hands. Capt. Nicholas Hallock Mann, of Milton, Ulster County, New York, was in command of a squadron of cavalry, composed of two companies, and was a witness of this misfortune. His squadron itself hesitated, wavered, and was giving way before the terrific sweep of the enemy's horse. He galloped to the rear, and by great exertion succeeded in stopping their backward movement, and in restoring order to their ranks. Again he was at their head, facing the foe; and waving his sword over his head, he shouted, "Men, are you heroes, or are you cowards? Follow me—charge!" Without waiting to look whether a single man would obey the order, he spurred his horse to an instant gallop and plunged alone upon the rebel ranks. His blade flashed right and left as he dashed forward. The squadron could not hesitate at such a brave sight, but with one impulse shouted and followed their leader—too late to save him, for his ardor had given him a considerable start; but they broke through, rode over, and cut down the rebel ranks with an irresistible plunge. Gen. Kilpatrick was released. The artillery came up with a rush, and poured in the canister and grape. Flight was established on one side, and pursuit on the other. To use the expression of one of the soldiers: "Those who escaped the artillery we hazed down with the sabre." One man, a short and slender Frenchman, named Pinot, or pronounced with that spelling, killed five with his own hand, and then fell himself. He was said to be a recent emigrant from his own country. The slaughter in this charge was two rebels to one Union soldier.

Capt. Mann had been struck by a sabre and unhorsed. At the same moment his horse was killed. He lay on the ground helpless, but this did not prevent the rebels shooting him, as he fell completely within their ranks. A pistol ball was shot through his back under the left shoulder-blade, making the circuit of his ribs inside, and lodging between two ribs in front, near the nipple, whence it was skilfully extracted by the surgeon several days after. That it escaped his heart is scarcely less than a miracle. He now lies in the Emory hospital, a mile or more from Washington, and has such use of his arms as to indicate, with the healthy suppuration of the wound, a speedy recovery. Indeed, he is already thinking of his saddle, and says he will be in it again in a few weeks. The cut on his face extends from the cheek-bone under his right eye to the muscle of the neck across the angle of the jaw. It is already in an advanced healing state.

Capt. Mann is a Quaker, over six feet high, and "in for the war." He has two cousins of the same persuasion in the same cavalry, and has himself passed through many fights, until now without injury. No one would suppose, to hear them conversing in the gentle "thee and thou" language, that there is underneath such a noble, fearless and resolute military spirit. But the Quakers, when they do fight, show a degree of pluck that entitles them to rank with the bravest soldiers of any time or country—the Cromwellian.

As I sat talking with the Captain on Saturday, I asked him who those jovial fellows were on the opposite bed playing dominoes. He answered that they were his men. One had had his leg amputated, and the other was nursing a mangled foot. The former was from Indiana, a thorough Republican and loyalist, although his father and a brother are soldiers in the rebel army.

UNSEEN.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

How do the rivulets find their way?
How do the flowers know the day,
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech;
I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from the danger hide,
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride;
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all who is eyes for the mole;
All motion goes to the rightful goal;
Oh God! I can trust for the human soul.

A SPEECH BY SOJOURNER TRUTH.

[A Sunday School Convention was held at Battle Creek, Mich., on the 2d and 3d of June. On the day last named, a children's mass-meeting was held at the Methodist church, addressed by Messrs. Stebbins, Taylor, Gallup, Pardse, and Van Meter. The Battle Creek *Journal* proceeds:]

After the several speakers had spoken, a clear, distinct voice, came from toward the head of the stairs, saying, "Is there an opportunity now that I might say a few words?" The moderator seemed for a moment as if hesitating to grant the opportunity, as perhaps he did not know the speaker. Seeing the dilemma of the moderator and speaker, Rev. T. W. Jones arose, and addressing the moderator, said that the speaker was "Sojourner Truth." This was enough; five hundred persons were instantly on their feet, prepared to give the most earnest and respectful attention to her who was once but a slave. Had Henry Ward Beecher, or any other such renowned man's name been mentioned, it is doubtful whether it would have produced the electrical effect on the audience that her name did. She said that the Spirit of the Lord had told her to avail herself of the opportunity of speaking to so many children assembled together of the great sin of prejudice against color. "Children," she said, "who made your skin white? Was it not God? Who made mine black? Was it not the same God? Am I to blame, therefore, because my skin is black? Does it not cast a reproach on our Maker to despise a part of his children because he has been pleased to give them a black skin? Indeed, children, it does; and your teachers ought to tell you so, and root up, if possible, the great sin of prejudice against color from your minds. While Sabbath-school teachers know of this great sin, and not only do not teach their pupils that it is a sin, but too often indulge in it themselves, can they expect God to bless them or the children? Does not God love colored children as well as white children? and did not the same Savior die to save the one as well as the other? If so, white children must know that if they go to heaven they must go there without their prejudice against color, for in heaven black and white are one in the love of Jesus. Now, children, remember what Sojourner Truth has told you, and thus get rid of your prejudice and learn to love colored children, that you may be all the children of your Father who is in heaven."

This short speech from Sojourner was, perhaps, the most telling anti-slavery speech that was ever delivered at Battle Creek or in Michigan. Scores of eyes were filled with tears, and it seems as if every individual present sanctioned all she said. And how could any one help it? for surely if there were any present whose hearts failed to beat in sympathy with her remarks, they must be a good distance from the kingdom of heaven, whatever their profession may be.

Mr. Chamberlin, of St. Joseph, who went with the Morning Star during her first voyage, asked the privilege to say a few words. His name being associated with the Morning Star, the children were of course all attention to what he had to say, for they had all read or heard of the Morning Star. Mr. C. said he wanted to burn into the minds of the children the solemn truth uttered by Sojourner, and he felt that he could not better do that than by impressing, if possible, on their minds the important and impressive truth that they are indebted to the Gospel, and the Gospel only, for the precious privileges which they enjoy above children of other countries on the face of the globe. He told the children what he saw himself in the Cannibal Islands, of human beings eating one another. After having, in a very impressive yet simple manner, illustrated to the children the great difference between children who lived amid the benign influences of the Gospel and those who had never heard of the Gospel, he said they owed all the blessings they enjoy to God, and not to themselves; hence they should ever bear in mind that no sin can be greater in the sight of God than to despise any of his children who are less fortunate than ourselves, simply because they are less fortunate. Mr. C.'s address doubtless made a good impression on the audience, and more especially on the children.

Nothing calls forth the soul like a consciousness of being dedicated to a sublime work, in which illustrious beings are our associates, and of which the consequences are interminable.—*Channing*.

IN THE NIGHT SEASON.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

Lord, give us rest! Night's shadows round us close,
Hushing the tumult of the voiceful day;
O'er our souls let Thy divine repose
Assert its gentle sway.

The night is Thine: its skies above us bent
Glitter with worlds all fashioned by Thy hand—
The radiant armies of the firmament
Marshalled at Thy command.

Rank upon rank the shining squadrons press
Through the far spaces which no eye can scan.
Thy mercies, Lord! like them are numberless,
Showered upon sinful man!

We read Thy record in the starry sky,
Nor less we trace it in earth's lowliest flower;
And, in adoring wonder, magnify
Thy goodness and Thy power.

Yet, when we view Thy works, so vast, so fair,
Till fails our vision in the distance dim,
"Lord, what is man," we sob amid our prayer,
"That Thou should'st visit him?"

Formed in Thine image, with Thy glory crowned,
Oh! let thy love our yearning spirits fill;
And be our wills, in all life's changes, found
Obedient to Thy will!

—*Christian Inquirer.*

Foreign Gleanings.

Clerical Denunciation of Music.—In the course of a lecture "On Music, in its relation to Religion," delivered the other day at Portadown, by the Rev. Mr. McKay, the lecturer denounced the practice of secular music in private or public, eulogized the genius of Handel, but deprecated his adaptation of that genius to compositions the performance of which drew the admirers from thence to the concert, opera, and hell! Oh, Beethoven! oh, Mozart! oh, Bellini.

Vociferous Persuasion.—There can be no question, says *Fraser's Magazine*, that among the least intelligent classes of Scotland, a preacher's popularity is in proportion to the loudness of his roaring and the violence of his gesticulation. "Our minister's a wonderful preacher," said a country bumpkin; "he comes out wi' a roar just like a bull." "I didna' understand a word he said." was the remark of a maid servant to a friend of our own concerning a certain dissenting preacher; "but I would go twenty miles to hear him again; I thought he wad have banged the pulpit in bits; he was a' jumpin'!"

The Abolition of Capital Punishment in Baden.—The Committee of the Diet of Baden, charged to examine a bill for the abolition of the punishment of death, has recommended its adoption. The following are the reasons assigned in the report for that course: "Capital punishment is not legitimate, since justice in pronouncing it exceeds the limits of moral effect, and places itself in opposition to Christianity. It is not legitimate also, because it is useless. Imprisonment is sufficient to protect society. What, however, is principally opposed to the punishment of death is that the injustice committed by its application can never be repaired. All the reasons brought forward in favor of that punishment belong to the antiquated systems of the *lex talionis* and of intimidation. The State is not in want of effectual means for preventing crimes, such as a good criminal procedure, well-organized houses of correction, and, what is before all, good popular education."

A New Method of Divorce.—In Berne they have a novel method of dealing with matrimonial disputants. Divorces were freely granted, but first the applicant must go through the following test: A small room was prepared in which husband and wife were put—the door being then closed, to remain so for six weeks, except it should be set in motion at the urgent and united request of the wedded pair. There were in the room one stool, one plate, one spoon, a unity of all the requisites, and the solitary bed was of such dimensions that, if they chose to use it together, they must needs lie very close together. Of one thing, and one only, there was a duplicate; and that was a little treatise on the duties of husbands and wives toward each other. No visitor was permitted to go near them; and they had only a glimpse at intervals of the grim face of the janitor as he pushed their food through a hole in the door. The Bishop states that the test was attended with the most wholesome results. In most cases, the parties were excellent friends in a few days; and very few could stand out for more than a fortnight. Another very gratifying circumstance was, that they had scarcely on record a case in which a second application was made by persons who had already gone through the ordeal.—*Bishop Burnet.*

The Moors.—There were three distinct races of the followers of Mahomet who overran Spain. The first invaders were Arabs from the desert, who held dominion for 400 years; then came the Moorish kings. who, after many battles, supplanted without exterminating their predecessors, and held sway for 300 years; but not without continual outbreaks and skirmishes between them. These last came with Abderhaman, the first king of Cordova, from the wilds of Yemen, included in the Caliphat of Egypt, and were called *Egipieous* (Egyptians), to distinguish them from the Arabs, and from the barbarous hordes from Fez and Morocco, who came subsequently, headed by the Princes Almozados, and were called *Moros*, or Moors. After the conquest by the Christians, a great distinction, was made in favor of the Egyptians, as the aristocratic, educated, and civilized race; but subsequently, one after one, their privileges were curtailed; they were harshly and cruelly treated, and at last, in 1611, an edict was issued confounding all the tribes under one head as Egipeios, or Gitanos, forbidding them to speak their own language, which for the future was to be called gibberish.—*Once a Week.*

The Daughters of China.—The daughters whom they condescend to rear have a sad and isolated lot; they remain shut up in the paternal mansion, solely occupied with sewing and housewifery. Wealthy parents give them a slight education, but in general their instruction is confined to needlework. No public school is open for girls. When they are old enough to marry, their parents think much less about their future happiness than of their own private interests, and solely endeavor to conclude a sort of bargain by selling them to the highest bidder. Their father and mother, or, in default of them, their nearest relations, exercise an absolute authority over the marriage of children; young people are allowed to have no will in the matter. Sometimes two friends bind themselves to an oath to marry their unborn babes, if they turn out to be of different sexes. The promise is sealed by tearing their tunics, each giving to the other the portion rent off. Unions formed under such conditions as these are scarcely likely to be of long duration. Incompatibilities of temper soon declare themselves, and the woman, being the weakest, suffers the most, for the husband has complete authority over her. He may ill treat her with impunity, and may compel her to associate with several secondary wives.—*All the Year Round.*

The Feudal Barons of Japan.—The departure of the Daimios in a body from Yeddo to Miako may, indeed, be looked upon as the final declaration of hostility on the part of the feudal lords with the newly-opened intercommunication and commerce with other nations. The castles of these Daimois, it may be observed, and which were frequently passed, are not precisely the castles of the feudal barons of old in the West. There is a moat surrounded by a wall, generally built of mud, intersected with layers of tiles, and plastered over sometimes with parapets, and loopholed for musketry. A large gateway, with massive overhanging roof; a straggling group of ignoble-looking lath and plaster houses inside, rarely more than a story high; and sometimes if the owner is a Daimio of very great pretensions, his walls will be flanked with turrets, and in his grounds something like a two or three-storied pagoda will rise above the dead level of the other roofs, and look picturesque through the clumps of fine timber with which the grounds of the owners are always graced, whatever else be wanting.—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.*

A Native House in Algeria.—Let us enter one of these native houses. In the first place the reader must not expect to find here—or, indeed, anywhere in Algiers—sumptuous and noble furniture. That of the principal room, in which strangers are received, consists of three mattresses, spread on the ground, and forming three sides of a rectangle. Very common carpets are laid on the mattresses; and in the centre of the rectangle, a large pewter salver supports a cupful of pomegranate seeds or a large nosegay. There is only one very small window, and the little light in the room reaches it through the open door. This room, however, like the whole house indeed, is exquisitely clean, being carefully whitewashed, and the floor composed of colored tiles. At one of the ends of the room, a white muslin curtain with a fringe of gold, half raised, enables you to catch a glimpse of an iron bedstead, such as are usual in colleges and hospitals. At the other end is a clumsy chest of drawers, by the side of a gaily painted Turkish trunk. The rest of the furniture hangs rather haphazard along the walls, and consists of a set of painted shelves, on which amber necklaces, and handkerchiefs, are hung, a mirror with a carved frame, a big bellied guitar, and straw fly-disturbers, in the shape of small flags.—*St. James's Magazine.*

A Ghost in a Belfry.—The inhabitants of a secluded village of the Montagne Noire, in the department of the Aude, were roused from their beds one night last week by the "sound of the tocsin"—for such is the pompous phrase used by a local writer to describe the ringing of the single bell of the small parish church. The idea of a fire first suggested itself to the minds of the villagers, but as no fire was to be seen they flocked to the church to see what was the matter. To their great astonishment, however, the church door was locked; no voice responded from within to their loud shouts of inquiry; and yet the bell continued to ring loudly and hurriedly! The curé was called up and brought the church key. With trembling steps and beating hearts the crowd followed their pastor into the sacred building. They penetrated into the belfry, and—oh! horror of horrors!—the bell-rope was violently agitated and pulling the bell by itself. The good priest himself was scared at this fearful phenomenon, and his followers, pale with terror, dropped down upon their knees and crossed themselves. It was midnight, the hour when spirits walk abroad. The priest, armed with his *goupillon*, proceeded to exorcise the demon; but all the holy water in the church was soon exhausted, and yet the dreadful bell continued to sound. At length a peasant more intrepid than the rest volunteered to climb into the steeple and look at the bell itself. As he mounted the dark, narrow-winding ladder which led to the abode of mystery the terrified parishioners below muttered their paternosters with increased rapidity. In a few moments an unearthly shriek from the devoted messenger left no doubt on the minds of the people below that he had met with the devil himself. As the unhappy man approached the bell it did indeed cease to sound. but by the flickering pale light of his lantern he saw crouching down close to the clapper a black, monstrous. hideous form, with two yellow eyes which glared full upon him. The poor man fainted away, and for some minutes an awful silence reigned in the church. Then by a sudden and simultaneous impulse several men resolved to see what had become of their comrade, and, imparting courage to each other, rushed up to the ladder together. On nearing the bell they found a large pole-cat, who had got one of his fore-feet entangled in the rope, and which, in his endeavors to escape, had been the cause of all this terrible commotion in the Montagne Noire.

Proposal to dig up Shakspeare's Bones.—There is a hot and violent controversy going on just now in literary and dramatic circles about the propriety of moving Shakspeare's bones. Next year, in April, it is proposed to celebrate the bicentenary of the poet's birth, and it is urged that this would be a fitting occasion to make a solemn ceremony of digging up his mortal remains, in order that his posterity might satisfy themselves about his stature, the shape of his head, and so forth. The objectors, on the other hand, profess to be shocked at the bare idea, and declare that they will have no hand in the proceeding, which might bring down upon their heads the curse which Shakspeare himself pronounced upon any one who should venture to disturb his bones. It is argued again that Shakspeare never ordered that inscription to be put upon his tomb, but that it was merely a hack inscription of the sextons and stone-cutters of the period. What is to be the end of the matter I do not know; but I think they had better let Shakspeare lie.—*London Correspondent of Aberdeen Free Press.*

The Englishwoman in Saxon Times.—In olden times, if the husband proved a thief, the wife was equally liable to punishment. Alfred relieved the wife from penalty if she could prove that she neither knew of the theft nor had tasted of the thing stolen. In the days of marauding expeditions, when thieving was rather honorable than otherwise, these laws naturally led to domestic differences. The Northmen and the Danes allowed the wife to have the custody of her husband's keys. If he refused to give them to her, there was a law by which she could compel him to do so. When Canute became king, he introduced a law into England embodying the spirit of this institution, for he enacted that every married woman had a right to a store-room, a chest and a cupboard, to keep under lock and key, and to deny her husband access to them. This privilege extended to every class, so that, in the event of the master of the house—*hlaford* (bread-owner)—taking to thieving, his wife, the *hlafdig* (bread-divider). was protected. For by the laws of Canute, if a man bring a stolen thing to his cot, and he be detected, it is just that the owner should have what he went after. "And unless it has been brought under his wife's key-lockers, let her be clear; for it is her duty to keep the key of them—namely, her store-room, her chest and her cupboard. If it be found in any of these, then she is guilty; but no wife may forbid her husband that he put not into his cot what he will."—*Englishwoman's Journal.*

Silk.—It is an interesting historical fact, that although the rearing of silkworms and the unravelling of the thread from them to be manufactured into articles of dress was first practised by the Chinese, the introduction of this branch of industry into Europe was due to Justinian, who, in the year 550, first succeeded in having the eggs brought to Constantinople. Mulberry-trees were planted, and every attention bestowed upon the rearing of the insects. In a subsequent reign, we are informed by Gibbon, that such was the progress made, that China silk was successfully competed with by the new industry. Spreading into Greece, it did not extend further until the 12th century, when, on the sacking of Corinth and Athens by the King of Sicily, it was introduced into Italy, and from thence, in the latter part of the 15th century, the rearing of silkworms was first prosecuted in the South of France. There it was deemed of such importance by Henry IV. that he rewarded persons who had been engaged in the manufacture of silk for twelve years with patents of nobility. The value of silk at Rome in Julius Cæsar's time was that of gold; a pound of silk being worth the same weight of the precious metal. Justinian's labor was not in vain, as Europe has since realized its advantages, and it is now a remarkable, but for Turkish economists a gratifying, fact that at the present day the district of Brousa occupies the foremost rank for the production of this valuable filament.—*Levant Herald.*

A Local Preacher's Somersault!—On Sunday evening the pulpit of the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Williamson-terrace, Monkwearmouth, was occupied by a Hetton pitman, a local preacher connected with the Primitive Methodist body, who, after discoursing on the Jewish year of Jubilee, proceeded to wind up with a brilliant peroration of unusual force and power. While leaning over the front of the pulpit, and delivering himself with much fervor, he suddenly overbalanced himself, being a man of many inches, and came tumbling over into the singing pew, to the great dismay of the congregation. He appeared to fairly turn a somersault, carrying the book board over with him, and probably his descent in this manner saved him from fracturing his skull on the floor. Fortunately, no one happened to be sitting below, and the fallen orator came down with his broadside upon a music-stand, shivering its timbers in a very complete manner. Of course, there was much alarm among the congregation, and much shrieking from the female part of it, but our hero was soon "himself again." Rising to his feet with wonderful alacrity, he exclaimed, "Be calm, people, I'm no worse; and, bless God, I believe if I'd fallen twice as far, I wouldn't have been killed." The layman then bravely mounted a bench in the singing-pew, and, though as fervid as ever, managed to finish his peroration without upsetting his second *locus standi*. It was said the poor man would have to walk all the way to Hetton Colliery after his unlucky tumble.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

Extraordinary Journey by a Cat.—A wonderful instance of feline affection occurred a short time ago. A person named Marsh Allen, residing at Willoughton, who is in a very delicate state of health, went to Hull about five weeks ago to put himself under medical treatment, leaving his cat, which is under twelve months old, at Willoughton. One day, after he had been there some time, happening to go into the back yard of the house at which he was staying (No. 33 Osborne street) he observed a cat sitting on the outer wall. He carelessly called "Pussy," when the animal, to his great surprise, jumped from the wall, rushed upon his shoulders and into his bosom, commenced licking his face and exhibiting every other evidence of delight and affection of which it was capable. He at once perceived that it was his own cat, which he had left safely at Willoughton, and his astonishment at the startling fact may be readily imagined. On examining the animal he found that its claws were completely worn off with walking, and that it presented other appearances of having undergone great fatigue, hardships, and hunger. How it succeeded in crossing the Humber, or indeed in performing the journey (about fifty miles) at all, must now remain a mystery. It may be mentioned as partly accounting for the violent affection shown by this poor member of the feline race that Allen was very fond of the animal and, in his sickness, had been in the habit of taking it to bed with him.—*Stamford Mercury.*

Mr. T. A. Trollope and the Spirit Rappers.—This gentleman writes to the *Athenæum*, from Florence, to say that his testimony as to Mr. Home's performances is this: "I have seen and felt physical facts wholly and utterly inexplicable, as I believe, by any known and generally received physical laws. I unhesitatingly reject the theory which considers such facts to be produced by means familiar to the best professors of legerdemain. I have witnessed also many *very surprising and extraordinary* metaphysical manifestations. But I cannot say that *any* of those have been such as *wholly* to exclude the possibility of their being deceptive, and indeed, to use the honest word required by the circumstances, fraudulent. This is my testimony reduced to its briefest possible expression. If it be asked what impression, on the whole, has been left on my mind by all that I have witnessed in this matter, I answer, one of perplexed doubt, shaping itself into only one conviction that deserves the name of an opinion, namely, that quite sufficient cause has been shown to demand further patient and careful inquiry from those who have the opportunity and the qualifications needed for prosecuting it; that the facts alleged and the number and character of the persons testifying to them are such that real seekers for truth cannot satisfy themselves by merely pooh-poohing them. I may add, to prevent erroneous inferences, that I never saw anything of what, for brevity, may be termed professedly supernatural (so to speak) substance, such as 'hands,' or the like, but only professedly supernatural movements of natural substances."

Influence of Hymns.—Magdeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school children marched across the market place singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all to be slain, and from that day, say the chroniclers, the fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate, for we read of a certain rough captain who would not bate a crown of the thirty thousand he levied of a captured town, till at last the archdeacon summoned the people together, saying: "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men, let us plead with God"; and when they had entered the Church, and sang the hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand. The same hymn played as merciful a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the General's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place; and still the afternoon service at Pegan is commenced with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber having been changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A Major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet vicarage, and demanded within three hours more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to him one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue, and when the hymn was sung thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons and rode off.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Advertisements.

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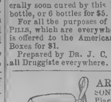

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